

# The Sketch.

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See "GOD'S GOOD MAN," p. 307.

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# The Sketch

No. 929.—Vol. LXXII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



THE DANCING SISTER OF MR. THOMAS BEECHAM: MISS HELENA DOLLI, DAUGHTER OF MR. JOSEPH BEECHAM,  
THE GREAT PILL-MAKER.

Miss Helena Dolli, who has just been booked for a lengthy provincial tour, is the daughter of Mr. Joseph Beecham, the great pill-maker, of St. Helens, and sister of Mr. Thomas Beecham, the famous conductor, whose season at Covent Garden is arousing so much interest.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

NEW YORK.

THE New York policemen have been much maligned in England. Before I came over here I was given to understand that a New York policeman would hit you on the nose if you asked him the way anywhere, and knock you down with his staff if he did not care for the cut of your clothes. I am glad to be able to refute these unjust assertions. Speaking as one who has come into collision with the New York police on several occasions, some of them suspicious, I beg leave to place it on record that, as a body, they are kindly gentlemen of superfine address and appearance.

You will perhaps wonder how I happened to acquire such an intimate knowledge of the New York policeman. I will tell you. It is the custom in the bars of New York for the barman to give you a little ticket stating the amount of your expenditure. This ticket you take over to the cashier, who, a trifle sullenly, accepts your money. It is the custom in England, on the other hand, to pay your money direct to the person who serves you with the drink. You pay it, moreover, before you take the drink.

Very well. When an Englishman has finished his drink, he walks straight out of the bar. This is his habit, and habits are stubborn things. I brought with me to New York, among other habits, the habit of walking straight out, and I indulged it. The small piece of paper, entirely ignored, would be left with the astonished barman.

You can imagine the next scene—the barman shouting, the cashier shouting, the doorkeeper shouting, all the other customers staring, a crowd collecting on the sidewalk, a policeman shoving his way through the crowd. And the dialogue:

POLICEMAN. Phwat's the matter here?

DOORKEEPER. He skipped his ticket!

POLICEMAN. He means, you, Sir. You forgot to pay for your drink.

MYSELF. Dear me! So I did! I'm very sorry!

POLICEMAN. Not at all, Sir. Hope you'll enjoy your stay in our city. I wish you a very good time

Even a London policeman could not beat that for courtesy. But the New York policeman is not only courteous; he will go to infinite pains to help you on your way. Here is a typical instance.

A combination of business and pleasure led me to that enchanting spot, the Garden City, Long Island. After a most delightful afternoon, invigorated by that delicious air, I stepped jauntily into the wrong train. Instead of boarding the train for New York, I snuggled down in the train for Brooklyn. The names of the stations were strange, but no matter. We were returning to New York, doubtless, by a new route.

On getting out of the train I imagined that I was at the New York terminus all right, but in another part of it. I found my way into the street. Thousands of trams—called here surface-cars, for the sake of brevity—ran in all directions.

"Could you tell me," I said to a policeman, "how to get to Fifty-Seventh Street, Sixth Avenue?"

"I could that," he replied, smiling pleasantly. "I should take the Fifth Avenue car, and get off at Fifty-Seventh Street."

"That sounds simple," I said. "I'll do it."

I did it. I took the Fifth Avenue car, vaguely wondering why I had never noticed trams in Fifth Avenue before. We started at First Street; evidently, I was a very long way "down town." Never mind. I had only to sit still long enough and I should get home.

"This," I thought, "is the poorer end of Fifth Avenue. Presently the style of the shops will improve; we shall leave behind us the cheap eating-houses and the secondhand-clothes shops."

But we didn't. The surface-car by this time was full. When I say the car was full, that gives you a very poor idea of the state of our car. In the first place, the people sitting down, of whom I was one, were jammed together much more tightly than if they had been the dearest of friends. Between these two rows, standing erect and hanging on to straps, were another hundred and fifty passengers, reckoning roughly. (Every now and then the conductor, for some all-wise purpose which he kept to himself, would plunge wildly through this mass of humanity to the driver's end of the car. When this happened, a stout old gentleman sat on my knee and remained there until the conductor had achieved the return trip. It was impossible to rise, or I would have given the old gentleman my seat.)

The car, you will gather, *was* full. Wait a minute. There were another fifty people on the conductor's footboard, and, as I live, people clinging with nails and teeth to the outside of the car from end to end. A Brooklyn surface-car at six o'clock in the evening is the best imitation of a swarm of bees I have ever seen. You cannot see the car. All you can see is a mass of human beings travelling slowly homewards in a gruesome lump.

"Fifty-Seven!" called the conductor at last.

I made an awful struggling and got out. This was never my dear old Fifth Avenue, the parade-ground of millionaires, theatrical beauties, and the far-famed Four Hundred! This street was dark and dismal, and, if my good Brooklyn friends will allow me to say so, a trifle sordid. Once again I asked myself, "Where, oh, where am I?"

A small man was leaning idly in a dark and narrow doorway. I approached him. He spat expectantly.

"Pardon me," I said, "but would you kindly tell me where I am?"

"You're in Brooklyn," replied the expectant one.

"Oh. Is that New York?"

"Brooklyn's Brooklyn, I reckon, and New York's New York."

"Oh. And how do I get to New York?"

He did not reply to the question directly. Evidently, he was getting interested in me. He wanted to prolong the conversation.

"Yer a foreigner, ain't yer?" he asked.

"Certainly not," I said, with some hauteur.

"Beg pardon, but I took you for a Britisher."

"So I am. But a Britisher is not a foreigner. He is a man and a cousin. You ought to know that. I will now trouble you to tell me the way to New York City."

"Get on this car coming down. Get off at Something Street and take the Elevated Railway. When you get out of the Elevated, take the Subway."

I thanked him, and made a rush for the car. It was now about seven o'clock. I had had nothing to eat or drink since a very early and very light lunch. I was tired, famished, thirsty, and homesick. I confess that, at this moment, I hated America and the Americans. I longed for London, where a man could flop into a cab and be driven home like a gentleman. I was weary to death of Elevates, and Surface-Cars, and Subways.

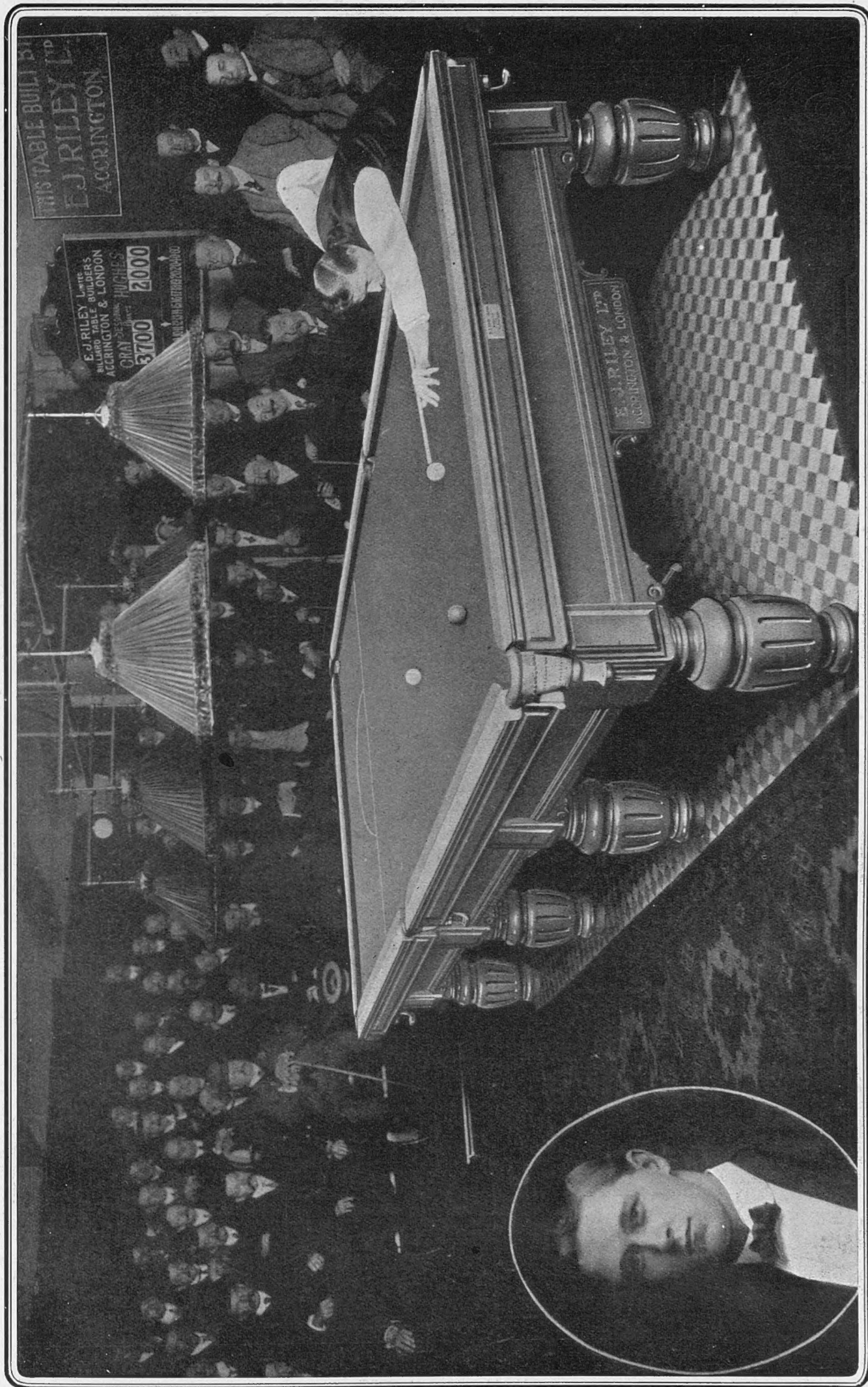
And then I met a policeman, and my troubles were over. He was going to New York City himself, and would be only too delighted to show me the way thither. Yes, he knew his way about pretty well, he thanked me. Could tell me the names of all the stations from there to the Bronx, if I cared to hear them.

I begged him not to put himself to so much trouble. In twenty minutes I was crossing Brooklyn Bridge, and in another twenty minutes I was safely at home.

Never let anybody, in my presence, breathe a word against the police force of New York City.



# AN 1143 BREAK: THE "SUPER-DEVELOPED WONDER."



GEORGE GRAY, THE EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD AUSTRALIAN BILLIARD-PLAYER WHO HAS JUST MADE A BREAK OF 1143.

George Gray set up a new world's record on Friday last by making an extraordinary break of 1143. On the Thursday evening he reached his points with 283 unfinished; continuing on Friday afternoon, he brought this up to 1002 unfinished; in the evening he carried it to 1143, failing at a long red loser in the top left-hand pocket. The break included two great runs of 366 and 765 off the red. Mr. Diehl, writing in the "Mail," has described young Gray as a "super-developed

wonder." "To my mind," he says, "he stands forth as the first genius at his particular art in all its history who has possessed the supreme faculty, like a Liszt or a Paderewski or a Paganini in music, of having the chance from a very early age of unlimited practice and being able to go through it without ever a symptom of tiring." We are able to reproduce this photograph by courtesy of Messrs. E. J. Riley, makers of the tables on which Gray plays.



## COMPOSER OF THE NEW OPERA, "THE TALISMAN."



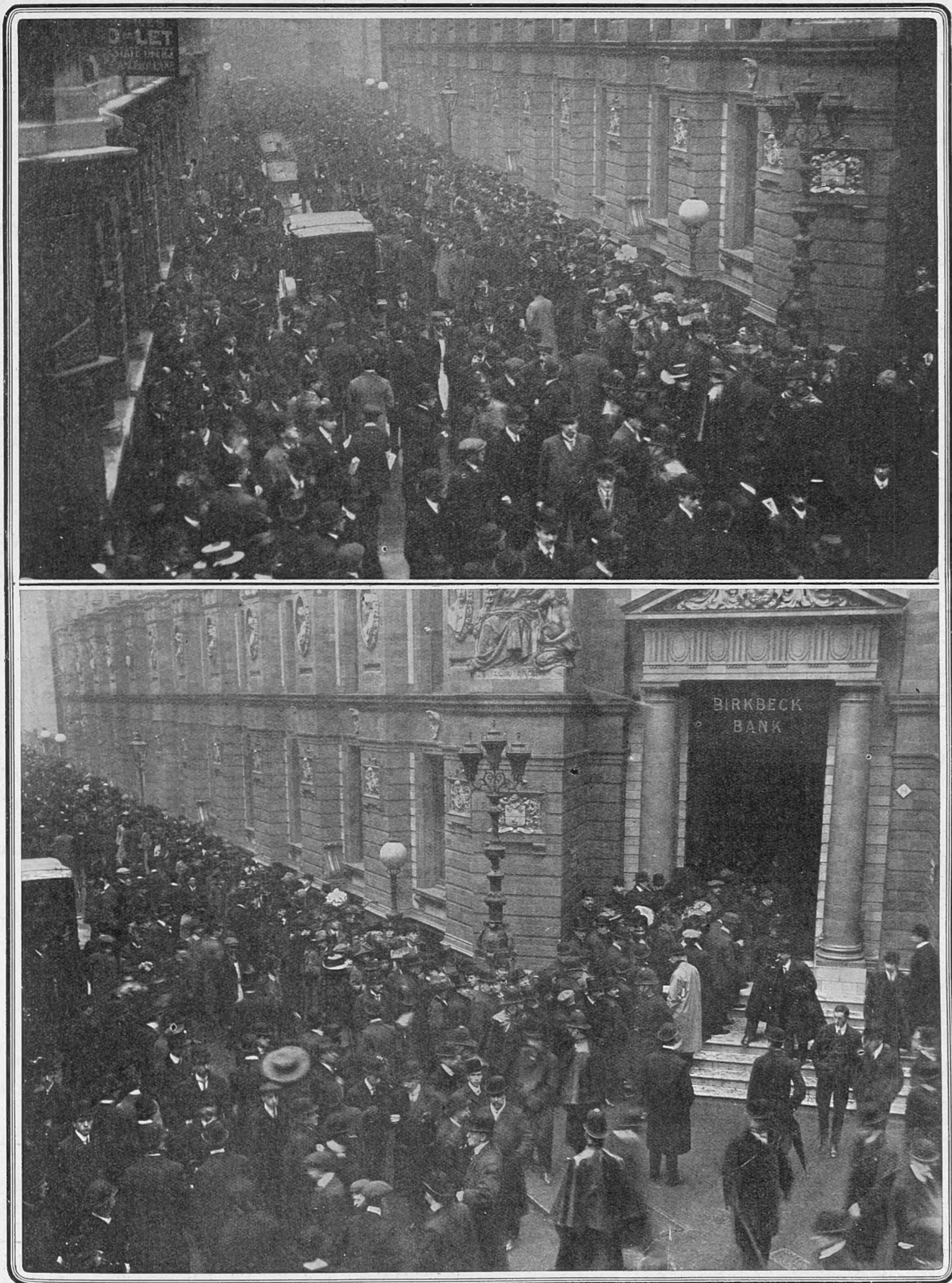
*Another Triumph for Ireland!*

MRS. ADELA MADDISON, WHOSE NEW OPERA, "THE TALISMAN," IS TO BE GIVEN AT LEIPZIG ON SATURDAY (19TH).

It is expected that the production of the opera "The Talisman," which is the work of an Irish composer, Mrs. Adela Maddison, will be the event of the musical season at Leipzig. Dr. Hans Loewenfeld, Director of the Opera House, was so delighted with the score when the composer played her work to him a few months ago that he accepted it on the spot. The mounting is to be on a most elaborate scale, and the thirteenth-century Italian dresses have been specially designed by Professor Steiner-Prag, of the Royal Academy of Art of Leipzig. Mrs. Maddison is supervising the rehearsals, but Herr Egon Pollak will conduct. So great is Dr. Loewenfeld's confidence in "The Talisman" that he has already provisionally entered it for eight performances.—[Photograph by E. Schneider.]



CAUSED BY AN ANONYMOUS LETTER:  
THE UNREASONING RUN ON THE BIRKBECK BANK.



WAITING TO DRAW THEIR MONEY: A QUEUE OF DEPOSITORS OUTSIDE THE BANK.

A run on the Birkbeck Bank in Holborn began to some extent on Thursday afternoon last, and was much in evidence on following days. On the Friday evening of last week, the Bank made the following official statement: "The Birkbeck Bank officially announce that the Bank of England has extended to them substantial financial assistance in connection with the run upon them caused by the circulation of anonymous statements that the Birkbeck Bank were in some way connected with the Charing Cross Bank, which statements the Birkbeck Bank declare to be absolutely without foundation." It is worth noting that a somewhat similar run on the Birkbeck occurred in September 1892, after the Liberator failures. The Bank held its own and the panic soon ceased.—[Photographs by W. G. P. and Record Press.]



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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and  
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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Seventy-one (from July 13,  
to Oct. 5, 1910) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any  
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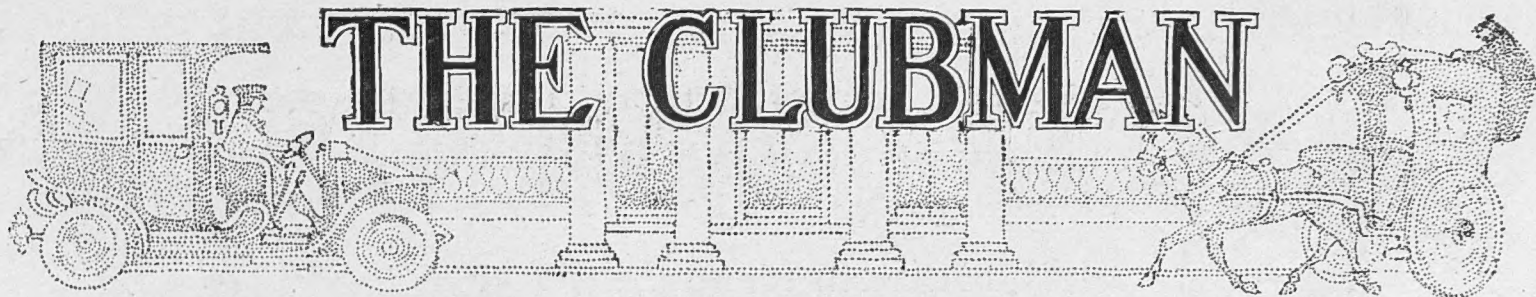
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**The King's Statue.** The proposal to spend a sum between £50,000 and £70,000 on a statue of King Edward, to be placed in some central spot in London, has been definitely accepted by the Mansion House Committee, and no doubt the site suggested by Lord Esher, in the centre of the broad walk which cuts through the midst of the Green Park, will find general acceptance, as being a capital position. We have, however, so many fine sites vacant in London, and so few good statues. It is quite right that the memorial to the King who loved all the amenities of club life should be in the midst of Clubland. The sum to be appropriated for the statue is to cover all accessories, and I hope that, if the King's statue is erected in the Green Park, some new gates on the northern side of the park, where the broad path leads into Piccadilly, may be considered accessories. There was a scare at the time that this path was made, and that the great gates at its southern end were planned, that a road and not a path was being made through one of the lungs of London; and the old railings, with their ugly little gate to admit foot-passengers only, were left as a sort of guarantee that no carriage-way was to be made. The new path has added to the beauty of the park, but a great deal of the dignity of the walk has been lost owing to the contrast between the magnificence of the great gates at one end and the ugly meanness of the entrance at the other.

**The Carnavallet Museum.** The other proposals have been referred back to the Executive Committee, and of the four suggestions specially favoured, a museum devoted to all that concerns or has concerned London, on the lines of the Carnavallet Museum at Paris, seems to be most favoured. Comparatively few Englishmen find their way to the Carnavallet Museum, but it is a favourite haunt of mine in Paris, and a great part of its charm is that its historical collection is housed in an old mansion in an old-world part of the city. Mme. de Sévigné's house remains very much as she left it, and there is an interest, drawn from her writings, in very nearly every room. One reaches the Carnavallet eastward past the Halles, in that old quarter of Paris where the Temple is, the part that reeks with memories of the days of the Terror. Quite fittingly, the most interesting portion of the collection in the Carnavallet is that comprising the badges and garments, and weapons and pictures, and all kinds of curious objects connected with the Revolution. Whenever I go to the Carnavallet I generally walk on to the Place des Vosges, a great square of old-fashioned houses with an equestrian statue in the centre of it of one of the kings. This was once the Place Royale, and its buildings, most of which are now occupied by business men, still keep something of their old dignity. It is well worth a visit.

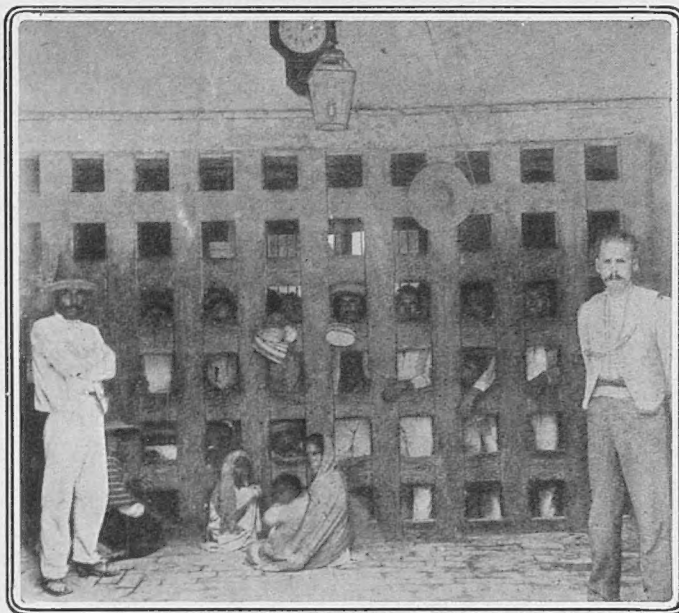
**A London Museum.** Whether a London museum is chosen as a portion of the King Edward Memorial or whether one of the other schemes is preferred, it seems certain that the idea has been received with such favour that the London Museum will assuredly come into existence. An old City hall would be a perfect framing for a museum of London relics, and I would commend the idea to the Mansion House Committee.

**The Crown Prince's Tour.** The German Crown Prince is making the

Grand Tour on rather novel lines. He is going, after seeing British India pretty thoroughly, to make excursions from Singapore both north and south of the usual route to China, seeing Siam and its capital, and the great Dutch colonies south of the Equator, before going on to the Flowery Land and the Empire of the Rising Sun. Instead of coming back, as most globe-trotters do, across America, the Crown Prince is to take the new short cut by the Siberian Railway. The Crown Prince on his journey half-way round the world and back is sure to be given some big-game shooting. He will, of course, kill a tiger or two in India, and if he does his tiger-hunting in the Nepal Terai, which is the finest preserve of tigers in Asia, he will find that the spice

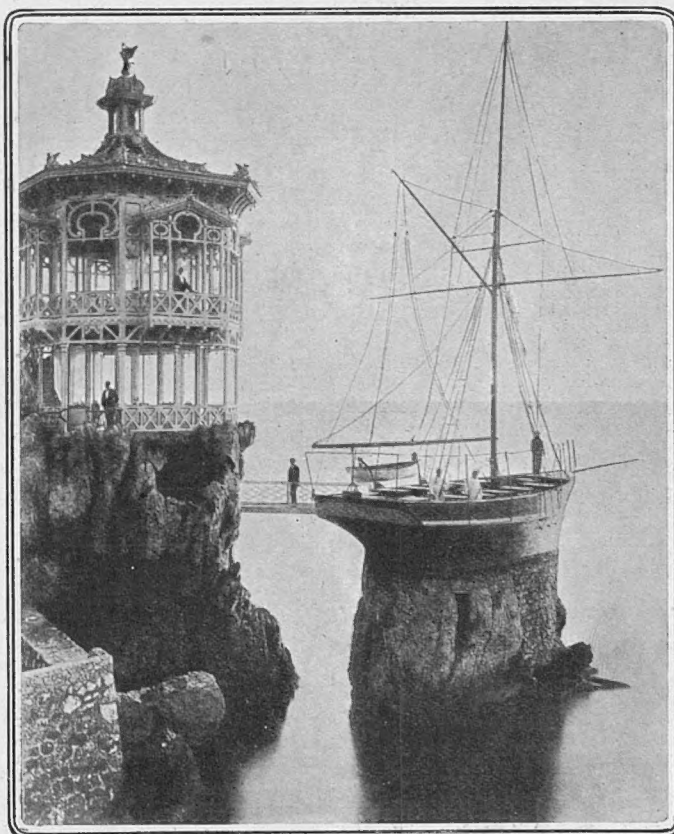
of danger which attends tiger-hunting on elephants will give an added delight to the sport.

**Dangerous Sport.** To sit up all night on a *machaan*, watching a dead cow, and hoping that a tiger will come and commence its meal on the dead animal, is safe enough work, though some daring sportsmen, especially on the Bombay side of India, follow up on foot a tiger when they have wounded it, which is risking instant death; but these watches in a tree or on a tower by a drinking-pool do not bring that splendid tightening of the nerves and sense of excitement that there is in seeing a great circle of elephants concentrating round a space of tall grass and reeds in which one or two tigers are lurking. The circle gradually drives the tigers towards the elephants on which are the shooting-party, and then come those series of rushes on the part of the tigers which are the finest example of concentrated force and fierceness to be seen in the world. There are no breastworks of earth with a strong abattis of thorn-bushes in front of them, as there are when royalties shoot boar in a German forest. The elephants can be depended on to stand firm and to face the tiger; but the spring of the great cat may land him on the elephant's head and into the howdah, unless it is stopped by a bullet. The one precaution always taken when a prince is shooting in the Terai is to place on the elephants on either side of that on which the prince is riding two of the finest shots in India. Even if the royal aim is faulty, which it rarely is, the steady hands and the true eyes of the two men whose duty it is to guard the royal life never fail.



PRISONERS AT THE BAR: AN EXTRAORDINARY GAOL SCENE AT PUEBLA.

It may be noted that the full name of the Mexican city commonly called Puebla is Puebla de los Angeles ("the town of the Angels"). Probably, its prisoners deem the shorter name the truer.



A BOAT THAT IS ALWAYS ON THE ROCKS: THE CRAFTIEST OF RESTAURANTS.

The small boat here shown in its normal position on a rock has never been on the water, for it is neither more nor less than a dining-room which is a feature of a famous restaurant in Nice. During the season it is crowded with visitors for déjeuner and dinner. In every respect, save that for its deck fittings are substituted chairs and tables, it resembles an ordinary sailing-vessel. [Photograph by Fleet.]



# CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

A MAGISTRATE has just declared that he is not on the bench to answer conundrums. By the process of elimination we are gradually arriving at the proper functions of the magistracy.

Professor Cole says that fleas are fond of music—of evening concerts, of course, like those formerly patronised by Old King Cole, that merry old soul.

## POPSY-WOP!

(The real burning question of the day is, What is a Popsy-Wopsy?)

A blameless life for many years  
Erastus Jones had led;  
At nine a.m. he sought his desk,  
At ten p.m. his bed.

From nine to five he pushed his pen,  
At midday ate his chop,  
Until one day when Quentin Smith  
Asked, "What's a Popsy-Wop?"

The phrase unsettled Jones's mind.  
Of twenty lexicons  
And the "Encyclopædia Brit."  
He read unnumbered tons,  
He never ate from month to month,  
He never drank a drop,  
But nowhere could he find a word  
Explaining Popsy-Wop.

At last one day he fell in love  
With the librari-ane,  
Who introduced him to the tongue  
Unknown to single man.  
She said, "Oo is a ducksun thing  
That's getting thin atop,  
A silly-billy, doodleums,  
A baldy Popsy-Wop!"

She married him within the month,  
And altered all his ways,  
His regularity of life,  
His well-proportioned days.  
And when he next met Quentin Smith  
He sadly murmured, "Stop!  
Take warning by my awful fate:  
I am a Popsy-Wop!"

The Matlock Smiling Club is still in existence. It is pleasant to learn that all the members have not cut off the tops of their heads by smiling all round their ears.

## FOUND AT LAST!

(Woman can now have a pocket hidden in her big hat.)

To scramble into her exiguous skirt  
Needs the contortions of an acrobat

Her purse she's therefore driven to insert  
Where only there is fullness—in her hat.

From the Divorce Commission we learn that men are katabolic and women anabolic. It is a great comfort to have this important matter settled once and for all.

Professor Bottomley has captured several million benevolent bacteria, and has set them to work on agriculture in Rutland. Surely our tender national conscience will not tolerate this undisguised slavery!

Novel-readers are complaining that the modern hero is a degenerate, whose actions

verge on lunacy. The unheroic hero is the natural corollary of the too manly heroine.

But, cheer up; there is a remedy. The Knights Bachelor are sad because no one ever makes a hero of one of their band, but always of a baronet or lord. Let us make our heroes K.B.s. No Belted Knight Bachelor of Clifford's Inn could, in the nature of things, be a degenerate.

"Copper worth a million found," says a startling headline. No doubt one of those they are keeping in lavender for the Coronation festivities.

A Tottenham magistrate told a man who had lost a pawn-ticket that he ought to

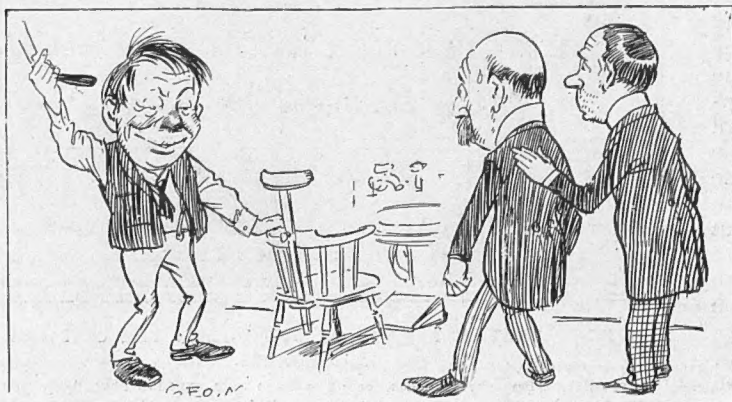
lock such things up in his iron safe. Unfortunately, an iron safe is about the first thing a man in such conditions would try to get rid of.

If you want to be truly beautiful, go in for aviation. The *Daily Mirror's* doctor says that the airman of the near future will be a being with tiny, shrivelled-up legs, a huge, elastic heart, a colourless, keen, ferrety face, and beady, bird-like eyes, which can see sideways. There is nothing like the scientific improvement of the race.

The falling leaves of autumn are being denounced for giving off poisonous gases, which cause unpleasant symptoms when breathed into the lungs. When we have finished our rat-hunts, we can take up a leaf-hunt. There's nothing like sport.

The *New York Evening Post* says that English boys do not eat so much, either at meals or in the tuck-shop, as the American boy. If this is true, it is good news, and shows that the English boy has too much sense to qualify for the cigar-ash complexion of his cousin across the pond.

The latest test of sobriety has come to a sudden end. It consists in seeing if the accused is sober enough to shave a man without cutting him. The backwardness of subjects in coming forward for experiment is a lamentable sign of the decay of the national spirit.





## G. P. HUNTLEY THE CZECH: "DECORATING CLEMENTINE."

*The Count and the Dancer.*

TO BE PRESENTED AT THE GLOBE THEATRE AT THE END OF THE MONTH: MR. G. P. HUNTLEY AS COUNT ZAKOUSKINE  
IN "DECORATING CLEMENTINE."

Mr. G. P. Huntley, who has been winning much applause in America, is to be presented at the Globe Theatre almost immediately, in "Decorating Clementine." The story of this is, briefly, as follows: Clementine Margerie, author of several "best sellers," finds her greatest happiness in sharing the joys of country life with her very unlitlerary husband, Paul. The fame of the wife does not disturb the serenity of the home until Madame Margerie decides to try for the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Her campaign for this honour embraces a determined attack on the Minister of Fine Arts. She cultivates the Minister himself, while she orders her shy husband to flirt with his wife. Her attentions to the Minister are misunderstood, and her husband's flirtation with the Minister's wife assumes a degree of ardour that threatens the dissolution of the erstwhile happy Margerie household. When Paul Margerie is given the task of capturing the lady's good-will, she is clandestinely receiving the attentions of one Count Zakouskine, a Czech, the master of a troupe of Slavonic dancers from the Russian Imperial Opera House. Paul soon outstrips the Slavonic Count in the fickle affection of Madame Morel, though the Count proves a persistent wooer. Madame Margerie wins the Cross, only to find that with it has come an end to her domestic happiness. To recover this genuine prize, she throws aside the bauble—[Copyright of Charles Frohman, 1910.]





# SMALL TALK



**T**O-NIGHT a ball, under the patronage of Princess Marie Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, the Bishop of London, and Sir William and Lady Bull, will bring many astonished lads and girls into contact with the Post-Impressionists, unless, of course, the management temporarily turns a good many painted faces and figures to the wall. Nobody quite realised, till they came and saw, how far gone in ugliness many of the new French canvases were, and many dance hostesses agree to think that such fare is not appropriate for a charity-ball gathering. "I would as soon send my daughter to dance in a fever ward," was the comment of one largely entertaining private-viewer; "And I have no intention of sitting out in a dissecting-room," decisively added the young woman in question.

*Lady Ottoline.* The value of the fair show of names that make up the Honorary Committee at the Grafton Gallery seems a little discounted by the catalogue's notification that Honorary Committeemen are not responsible for the selection of the canvases. On the other hand, Lady Ottoline Morrell boldly sits upon the Executive Committee that does select and does hang. The "line" is Lady Ottoline's. And her brother, Lord Henry



MRS. ADRIAN ROSE AND LORD VIVIAN, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Mrs. Adrian Rose is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lycett Green, and a granddaughter of the late Mr. Arthur Wilson and Mrs. Arthur Wilson. Captain Rose, to whom she was married in 1907, contracted typhoid during the honeymoon, and died three months after the wedding. Lord Vivian was married in 1903, and has a son, born in 1906, and a daughter, born in 1904. He obtained a divorce from his wife three years ago. He is the only brother of the twin sisters, Mrs. Douglas Haig and Miss Violet Vivian (the former of whom was a Maid of Honour to Queen Alexandra, and the latter of whom now holds that position), and of Miss Alexandra Vivian.

Photographs by Lillie Charles and Maull and Fox.

Bentinck, himself lends one of the exhibited works. A half-sister of the Duke of Portland, Lady Ottoline will, we warn her, never be satisfactorily painted by the school of painters to which she now gives her support. Her great beauty is a thing undreamt of in their philosophy. Since her marriage to one of the most admired speakers in the House, she has given as much time to the listening Ladies' Gallery as to picture-galleries. Mr. Morrell shares his wife's tastes in everything, even in the arts.

*Red in Art—* Lord Henry Bentinck, also, is one  
*Blue in Politics.* with his sister on

the vexed question. Of his sympathy with uncommon varieties of modern painting he has given active proof as Treasurer of the Contemporary Art Society, of which, again, his brother-in-law, Mr. Philip Morrell, is Chairman. Nor does the brave band of pioneers end there. Lady Henry Bentinck is devoted to art, and would not give her head—she is often told of her resemblance to Marie Antoinette—to preserve the old order in the studios. Yet to-morrow Lord Henry, a revolutionary, a red, as a connoisseur of painting, is giving a Conservative luncheon in Nottingham.

*Goodbye to* It was not without  
*"Brentham."* many regrets that the Duke of Sutherland submitted his splendid offer of Trent-ham to the Stoke-on-Trent Borough

Council. "A beloved house—perhaps I place it even above glorious Dunrobin," writes a member of the family, comparing two of their homes. With Lilleshall (where the Duchess will spend part of the winter with her daughter, newly settled at her mother's side after a long stay at Dresden) and one or two favourite lesser houses to fall back on, Trentham has become superfluous. "Dizzy's" description of it in "Lothair" comes to mind: "It would be difficult to describe a fairer scene. A garden domain, bright with flowers, dim with coverts, musical with fountains. . . ."

*A King's Subject.* Formality has seldom come nearer to expressing true feeling than it did last week, when Grosvenor Square celebrated the King of Italy's forty-first birthday. For his Majesty is regarded in his Embassies with a real affection; and in other and unexpected places he has a sympathy with men and movements generally regarded as inimical to the throne. Talking to an Italian of note recently, the King began a discussion about the condition of the people; and as he talked he grew more and more democratic. At last his listener expostulated with a ready "Your Majesty forgets I am a Monarchist." And then the little King gave a big laugh.



A FAMOUS TEACHER WITH A WELL-KNOWN PUPIL: MISS VIOLA TREE HAVING A SINGING-LESSON IN CAV. ALBERT VISETTI'S ROOM AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

Miss Tree, who has now gone to Milan, has been studying at the Royal College of Music under Cav. Albert Visetti, the well-known professor of singing and examiner for the Associated Board of the Royal College of Music and the Royal Academy. Cav. Visetti was born in Dalmatia, married an American, and for the past thirty years has been a naturalised British subject. For five years he was musical adviser to Mme. Patti, for whom he wrote "La Diva." His career has been one of very considerable success.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



RECEIVER OF AN UNPARALLELED HONOUR: MRS. LEES, WIDOW OF ONE OF OLDHAM'S GREAT EMPLOYERS, WHO HAS BEEN CHOSEN MAYOR OF OLDHAM—WITH HER DAUGHTER.

Oldham is the first county borough to choose a woman as mayor. Mrs. Lees received her robe of office and chain from the retiring Mayor the other day, and afterwards took the Mayor's oath. The speakers spoke of her as "Mrs. Mayoress," "Lady Mayor," and "Mrs. Mayor," and it was decided that the last form of address was the best. The only other English town that has had a lady mayor is Aldeburgh, Suffolk, which chose Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., last year. Councillor Miss G. E. F. Morgan is the new Mayor of Brecon.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



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## THE BRIDE OF THE IMPERIAL FRENCH PRETENDER.



Princess Clementine.

PRINCESS CLEMENTINE, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE KING LEOPOLD OF THE BELGIANS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO PRINCE VICTOR NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE, A PRETENDER TO THE FRENCH THRONE, WAS ARRANGED TO TAKE PLACE ON MONDAY (THE 14TH).

It was arranged that the wedding should be solemnised at the Castle of Moncalieri, near Turin, the residence of the Princess Marie Clotilde. When King Leopold was alive he made it his business to prevent the match. Although Prince Victor is "the Man of Destiny" to those French who dream of a new Emperor of the French, the Prince himself does not cherish hopes of ever being called to the throne. He has been an exile living in Brussels for some years, on £2000 a year. Princess Clementine is thirty-eight; Prince Victor, forty-eight.—[Photograph by Oricelly.]



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

## The Latest Musical Play.

The Adelphi has been swept and garnished, and was reopened, spick and span, a few nights ago as another home for the musical play, and, though serious people may snort at the vogue of this kind of work, and some will be enraged by the silly humours directed against the Quakers, "The Quaker Girl" will probably enjoy a prosperous career. Of course, there is little of novelty about it; nothing novel in the fact that the singing and acting of Miss Gertie Millar delighted her admirers; or that the songs of Mr. Hayden Coffin won applause, even if his acting caused some unsolicited smiles; or that Miss Elsie Spain's rich voice and handsome presence made her successful; or that Miss Gracie Leigh acted and sang cleverly as a soubrette; or that many were delighted by the energetic comic-alities of Mr. Joseph Coyne, which I fail to rejoice in; or that Mr. L. Monckton's music is full of catchy tunes, not always exactly original; or that Mr. Tanner's book is not over-rich in wit or dramatic force; or that the stage is flooded with young ladies, many of them destined to be called "actresses" on the occasion when the newspapers announce their wedding to an English Peer or American millionaire; or that the scenery was gorgeous. There was, however, some novelty in the really comic work of Mlle. Caumont, a lady low-comedian of considerable ability, who amused everybody; whilst a newcomer, Mr. G. Carvey, sang the song of the piece well enough to bring down the house. Also, the setting of the first act has something of a novel note in its prettiness.



A MYSTERIOUS BALLOON ASCENT IN A MUSIC-HALL: Mlle. DENARBER AT THE PALACE.

It will be remembered that Mlle. Jeanette Denarber had a very narrow escape from death during an actual balloon ascent last month. Our readers will find a full account of this in "Star Turns."—[Photograph by Record Press.]

their wedding to an English Peer or American millionaire; or that the scenery was gorgeous. There was, however, some novelty in the really comic work of Mlle. Caumont, a lady low-comedian of considerable ability, who amused everybody; whilst a newcomer, Mr. G. Carvey, sang the song of the piece well enough to bring down the house. Also, the setting of the first act has something of a novel note in its prettiness.

## A Puzzling Comedy.

"Just to Get Married," the new and quite entertaining play at the Little Theatre, is rather puzzling. There are some who regard it as marred by a happy ending, and others, myself included, who think that the conclusion is cruel, cynical, and legitimate. Perhaps it does not matter to the spectator which view is correct: from an artistic point of view, the question whether we really are asked to believe that Georgina was sincere in the last act is important. It may well be that, in the hands of an actress less skilful than Miss Gertrude Kingston in suggesting the "cattishness" of Georgy, the piece would have played smoothly on the conventional lines, and it might have seemed credible that she would make an enduring wife to the somewhat uncouth and very unsophisticated Lankester, who would have found a honeymoon with the heroine of the Little Theatre a very liberal education. Nevertheless, despite this uncertainty, one must recognise that the play is clever and rich in sketches of character: down to the last few minutes the comedy is a genuine study of modern life told with little needless artificiality, and aided by a dialogue easy, characteristic, and amusing. Moreover, there is the remarkable performance of Miss Kingston, quite at her best, and also we had admirable acting by Miss Rosina Filippi—who deserves a heavier task—and Miss Cressall and Miss Dorothy Minto; whilst Mr. Tearle played very finely, and Mr. Thomas Sidney was amusing in a natural, effective manner.

## Miss Trevelyan's Triumph.

Mr. Hubert Henry Davies has appeared again after a long silence; and if "A Single Man" will not enhance his reputation for clever, witty, and natural comedy, it will at any rate do him no harm; and from the merely worldly point of view it will probably do him a great deal of good. He can always play upon an artificial situation with a most delightful brilliance; and though there is not in the present case quite so brilliant a brilliance as we are accustomed to expect from him, there is enough to make "A Single Man" a most entertaining little play. It is the portrait of a middle-aged literary gentleman who has made up his mind to marry. Mr. Cyril Maude is the gentleman, and he smiles, and smiles, and is a genial literary man—which is all he is required to be. The youngest pursuer, a tomboy of eighteen, is a little exaggerated in her youthfulness; the second, a very forward person of thirty, is frankly a combination of farce and the wicked adventures of melodrama, played cleverly by Miss Nancy Price; the third is Miss Hilda Trevelyan, and it is Miss Trevelyan who will make the play. She is a little typist who just loves her hero; and has no hope. She helps on his engagement with the tomboy, speaking to the girl with the soul of a poet: and the stage has seldom had anything more touchingly beautiful to show than the confession of love to which she is driven at the end. To include her performance in the general description of the play as "entertaining" would be gross injustice; it has, in it those moments of revelation which are rare indeed, and when they come are never to be forgotten. But, of course, Miss Hilda Trevelyan, when given half a chance, is in the habit of doing things like this; and it is to Mr. Davies' credit that he has given her this time a whole chance.

## Topsy-Turvy.

It is significant of a topsy-turvy year that the Christmas season should begin early in the first play of this new season, "Vicê-Versa," is

November. The amusing, even if a little disappointing after the book. For Mr. Anstey as dramatist hardly does justice to himself as novelist. Still, there is plenty of straightforward humour in the plight of old Mr. Bultitude at school in the body of his son and getting into undignified scrapes. Mr. Spencer Trevor played the part very well of the son's body, and Mr. Frederick Volpé rendered the old gentleman's shell admirably. There is a little indecision of method in the performance of Doctor Grimston, whose little daughter is charmingly represented by Miss Phyllis Embury. Mr. C. M. Lowne is not quite at his best as Dick's disreputable uncle. The schoolboys were wonderful—nothing could have been better than Master Philip Tonge and Master Bobbie Andrews.



"THE UNWRITTEN LAW," AT THE GARRICK: MR. LAURENCE IRVING AND MISS MABEL HACKNEY IN THE PIECE BASED BY MR. IRVING ON DOSTOIEVSKY'S NOVEL, "CRIME AND PUNISHMENT."

Mr. Laurence Irving was due to produce "The Unwritten Law" at the Garrick on Monday last, with himself and his wife in the chief parts. It is possible that they will be seen at the Garrick also in "Margaret Catchpole"; this for a few performances only. Later Mr. Irving is to be seen as Hamlet, but this will not be during the present season.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.]



## Play Portraits: Famous Rugger Teams.



### II.—RICHMOND.

It seems more than likely that Richmond, Surrey's senior club, will play an important part in Metropolitan "Rugger" during this season. Of a good pack, Geoffrey Wilson, the Captain, and D. F. Smith, the International, are, perhaps, the best. (See article elsewhere.)

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE SKETCH" BY FRANK GILLETT.



# STAR TURNS

Mlle. JEANETTE DENARBER.

"I SHALL not fall this time," exclaims dainty Mlle. Jeanette Denarber, as she soars gracefully, at the Palace Théâtre, over the heads of the audience; and she adds reassuringly, in her quaint, piquant English, "You need not be a-fraid; I only weigh seex stones." In her first words she recalls one of the most sensational accidents which ever befell—with the accent on the second syllable—an artist who is not a professional balloonist, parachutist, or aeronautist, for she was, a few weeks ago, the victim of a terrible fall of a mile and a quarter in a balloon. Mlle. Denarber is devoted to all kinds of sport, and has made several balloon ascents. On one occasion she left Paris with some friends and landed near Boulogne. The only vehicle available was a donkey-cart, and in that she made a picturesque entry into Boulogne, en route to Paris.

Just as she was nearly killed from the heavens above, so, once, she nearly lost her life in the waters of the sea beneath. She went with some friends in a motor-boat, and a terrible thunderstorm came on. They started to return, but presently the boat ran upon a rock, and, with a sickening thud, the boat heaved up and came to a standstill. It was nine o'clock at night. For twelve hours Mlle. Denarber remained on the wreck, wet to the skin and starved for food. Though neither she nor her companions could get a scrap of bread or a morsel of meat, they had to watch the men who were engaged to navigate the little craft eat up every bit of the food which had been taken on board. Mlle. Denarber was only a mite of seven when she seriously informed her mother that she meant to be an actress. When she had grown into the grace of young womanhood, she told her mother, very definitely and quietly, that she was still of the same mind. Her mother refused to give her consent. "If I do not go on the stage I shall kill myself," said Mlle. Denarber. Unlike a distinguished journalist, who said he would rather see his daughter in her grave than on the stage, Mme. Denarber said the other thing. The result was the same in both cases, for, as everyone knows, the distinguished journalist eventually elected to see his daughter on the stage instead of in her grave. So did the French mother.

Mlle. Denarber made her début in a *revue* at Vichy, in a boy's part, in which she gave an imitation of Mlle. Polaire. So successful was her assumption of the manner and make-up of the young man, that she used to get love-letters from a stage-struck damsel, who believed that she really was a boy. One day, in a spirit of jest, she answered one of these letters, and gave a rendezvous. She arrived. The love-lorn one was waiting. "Mademoiselle, I have come," she said. "But who are you?" asked the girl. "I am the young man you have come to meet; but, as you see, I am a girl like yourself." From Vichy, Mlle. Denarber was engaged for the Gaieté Rochecouart in Paris, where she made so strong an impression that she was secured for three years at the Ambassadeurs; after which she

appeared at the Alcazar d'Été; and from last winter until June this year she was playing the principal part in the "Grand Revue" at the Paris Olympia. On the morning of Oct. 2 last, Mlle. Denarber arrived from Paris soon after seven, and at half-past eleven she began the nearly fatal ascent at Battersea Gas Works.

"It was a beautiful day," said Mlle. Denarber, describing the incident to the representative of *The Sketch*, "and I was very happy. The balloon drifted over London, so that I had a splendid view of the city. At one o'clock we were over Roydon, in Essex. The balloon was nine thousand feet up. As it was too high, the pilot opened the valve. The gas escaped, and the balloon descended a thousand feet. Then it began to go up again. A second time he pulled the string. A second time the valve opened, the gas escaped, and the balloon descended. A third time the balloon went up. The pilot pulled the string the third time. This time the valve did not act. Instead, it came down with the string. The gas began to pour out of the balloon. The pilot said something which I could not understand, and the men began to throw out the sand. How quickly they threw it out! And all the time we were going down, down, down—dropping faster and faster. I could not understand what the men were talking about, but I could see from their faces that something serious had happened. Throwing out the ballast did not check our descent, for we fell faster than the sand, and it struck us in the face as we fell. When the pilot saw that he said something. They told me afterwards what that 'something' was. 'This is death,' he said. The faces of the men went from white to green. Then the balloon began to turn round, as if it had been caught in a whirlwind. As it turned it fell—just like a stone falls. My head became giddy. I had a pain at my heart. I felt sick—terribly sick, as one feels in a storm at sea. I looked

over the side of the balloon, and saw that we had a long way down to go. The thought flashed through my brain—'If I have to go

down all this distance I shall die of sea-sickness before I reach the bottom.' The pain in my head got worse. I felt more sick. Then I fainted. They tell me the men carried me into the rigging of the balloon, and when we struck the ground I fell into the basket; but the impact threw me out, and I fell a few yards away from it. I knew nothing of that. I was insensible at the time. The only thing I remember is that when I opened my eyes for a moment I saw the balloon on the ground and a lot of people around me. I fainted again, and did not regain consciousness until six o'clock that evening. I wanted to get up, but I could not. It was only then that I remembered that I had been in an accident.

"All the same, that accident has not frightened me. I am going up again

in a balloon, and I also mean to go up in an aeroplane. That is what I want to do most on earth—to go up in an aeroplane."

And there is no doubt she will, if those steadfast brown eyes reveal character.



SINGER OF TWO LEADING RÔLES IN "TANNHÄUSER" IN ONE EVENING: FRÄULEIN PETZL-PERARD, WHO APPEARED BOTH AS VENUS AND AS ELIZABETH THE OTHER NIGHT.

Fräulein Petzl-Perard appeared in the double rôle of Venus and Elizabeth in "Tannhäuser" recently at Covent Garden, and performed what is certainly a difficult feat with great success. The parts have been doubled before on the Continent, but it is doubtful whether they have ever been doubled here before Fräulein Petzl-Perard essayed them.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



A FURY AND A SHADE: THE CLIMAX OF THE HELL SCENE IN "ORPHEUS."

Mme. Marie Brema arranged to produce Gluck's "Orpheus" at the Savoy yesterday (Tuesday) afternoon. Our photograph shows Miss Ruby Ginner and Mr. Allan Glen as a Fury and a Shade.—[Photograph Dover St.]



## THE JUST CAUSE AND IMPEDIMENT.



THE FORTUNE-TELLER: He will be tall, brave, and handsome, and of noble birth.

MRS. PERKINS: An' 'ow do I get rid of Perkins?

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



# MY FIRST APPEARANCE

X.—MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

LIKE so many other actors and actresses, I made my real first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Margate, under the management of the late Miss Sarah Thorne.

I was particularly fortunate in my beginning, for instead of my being enrolled as a subordinate member of the company, Miss

Thorne engaged me to play leading parts. I don't mind admitting that my salary was hardly a leading lady's. I played during that season for the modest sum of twenty-five shillings a week, and out of that I had to "find my own dresses." Still, I got the parts and the opportunity for a great deal of practice, including a good many recognised "legitimate" parts in Shakespeare and the old dramatists, and that was what I wanted. I need hardly say that I had always wanted to be an actress. My father, however, originally intended me to become a public reciter, but realising that whether I recited or whether I acted, it would be a great advantage for me to learn to face the public, and to move easily on the platform or

in a very little while I recognised the necessity for this step on the part of the management—these occurrences are more or less everyday affairs, and I afterwards went back to the same management and played leading parts there most happily.

To return. I went down to Margate early in May for the season. The first part that was given me was Emma Torrens in "The Serious Family," a play which had had a great vogue many years before, for it used to be played by Mr. Buckstone at the Haymarket Theatre. It was also said to have furnished Sir Francis Burnand with the *clou* for "The Colonel," which ridiculed the æsthetic movement.

Emma Torrens did not give me very much trouble to study, for it was a short, simple part. The costume I wore did not give me any worry either, for it was the usual ingénue white-muslin dress.

After my first failure I was naturally apprehensive; but as Miss Thorne was satisfied, and Mr. Lyall Swete, who was my first stage-manager, said most kind things to me after the performance, I was a good deal heartened. There was no contretemps that time, and no accident or incident, the recounting of which the public always finds so interesting; however much one may be disconcerted by it at the time.

Were this article not limited to the incidents of my first appearance, I could tell some of these so-called "interesting" stories. I remember, for instance, that when I played Juliet in Margate I was perched on some egg-boxes in the Balcony Scene, and as I moved the boxes wobbled about until I thought that I should fall over the balustrade on to my Romeo and finish the scene in a manner Shakespeare never dreamed of, and even more realistically than the lady who criticised a certain Romeo, and said that if she played Juliet with him she would want to jump down from the balcony into his arms.

Again, too, I could tell of a very unexpected finish to a scene in a modern play, in which, as the heroine, I was lured to the room of the villain of the play. To keep me in he locked the door. I had to go to it, and, catching hold of the handle, shake it, imploring vainly all the while that he would let me out. Unfortunately for the realism of the scene, as I grasped the handle, and screamed, "Let me out!" I pulled the door wide open. The conduct of the scene made it necessary that I should ignore the fact that the door was open, and remain locked in on the stage. The audience could hardly be expected to look at the matter in the same light, and it roared with laughter.

These things, however, are outside the scope of this confession, and I therefore say nothing about them.

EVELYN MILLARD.



IN 1893: MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS SYBIL GARFIELD IN "THE LIGHTS OF HOME."

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

the stage, he decided that I should take advantage of the opportunity which offered to "walk on" at one of the leading London theatres. I was one of the nameless crowd of men and maidens who were supposed not merely to fill up the background in a more or less pleasant manner, but to assist the scene by the interest they showed in it, and by acting without any words to quicken their imagination or help their efforts.

As so often happens, understudies are chosen from among these "extra ladies and gentlemen," as we call them in the theatre. I was given a small part to understudy, and I conscientiously attended all the rehearsals. At last one day the chance which so many actors wait for in vain came to me. The representative of the part was ill, and I was called upon to play it. I did; or, rather, I thought I did. I was terribly nervous, and although I thought I spoke in my natural voice, I was told when the curtain fell that I had not been heard beyond the first or second rows in the stalls. I was afterwards informed that the lady who had played the part on tour had returned, and that, as it had always been intended that she should play the part, she would act it in the future should an understudy be required.

Over my disappointment and my chagrin at what I felt was the ruin of my career before it had begun I draw a veil. It would be difficult to make people understand it. In a little while, however, the reaction came, and I said, "I have got to prove that I really can do something on the stage and justify my presence on it." I accordingly approached Miss Thorne. My father took me to her, and I went through one or two scenes from Shakespeare, with the result I have already named. I should like to say that



IN 1892: MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS ALICE LEE IN "THE WHITE ROSE."

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

THE PINK OF — DISCOURTESY.



THE GHOST: Well, it really *is* too much when the shade of a respectable nobleman is taken for a pink lizard.

DRAWN BY CHARLES LANE VICARY.



# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

## THE KING AND QUEEN OF HEARTS.

COLONEL HAGGARD probably states nothing but a truth when he asserts that the names of Henri de Navarre and Marguerite de Valois, the gallant Henri IV. and La Reine Margot, will never be forgotten in France. It may be that he is equally correct in ascribing the enduring popularity of the pair in large measure to their almost innumerable love-affairs, which, he would have it, endear them to "a race always frivolous, gay, and light-hearted." An this be so, few of the living will find it possible to vie with the dead. What Republican can hope that his conduct will be such that, should there be another revolution in France, many years hence, his ashes will be respected, as were those of the *vert galant monarque* when, in the Reign of Terror, the *sans-culottes* who flung upon the dunghill the bones of the other Kings spared the dust of Henri de Navarre? Should he be so daring in his aspirations, he must lose no time, must live the crowded life.

The Béarnais was lover full early, though even he did not equal the record of his cousin: "of morals, like Henri de Navarre, from her tenderest years Marguerite was utterly devoid. Before, in his boyhood, the hero of Arques and Ivry had commenced to embark upon his lifelong course of love-making, Marguerite had already commenced her career of youthful gallantry—a career only to terminate with her death at an advanced age." In a word, "according to the 'Divorce Satyrique,' a pamphlet in which the author makes Henri IV., in his own name, attempt to avenge his conjugal misfortunes by revealing his wife's infidelities, Marguerite was, from a very tender age, one of the most corrupt damsels in a thoroughly corrupt Court. . . The 'Divorce Satyrique' credits the precocious Princess with two lovers, named, respectively, Charrins and d'Enragues, before she completed her twelfth year."

Henri's first love, the first of his fifty-six recognised mistresses, seems to have been Fleurette, although De Lescure places her as the eighth. "She was the daughter of the head gardener of the Château de Nérac, was sprightly, with laughing dark eyes, and not more than a couple of years older than the Prince." Amongst those who followed were Suzanne, the young wife of Pierre de Martinès, an aged professor of Greek and Hebrew; Mme. de Sponde, wife of another classical scholar; Esther Imbert, daughter of a sheriff; the Comtesse de Gramont, better known as La Belle Corisande; Gabrielle d'Estrées; Mme. de Sauve; Mlle. de Rebours; Françoise de Montmorency (Fosseuse); Henriette d'Enragues; and the last of them all was Charlotte de Montmorency—"she was only fourteen years and eight months old at the time of her meeting with the fifty-six-year-old monarch. When the extreme youth of the damsel is taken into consideration, it seems to us that a great deal too much has been made of her complicity in a love-affair which almost set Europe in a blaze. It was, however, the fashion to treat girls of fourteen as women in those days, and accordingly the historians have not failed to credit the young

lady who became Princesse de Condé with full responsibility for her own actions."

So much for a few of those who were, shall one say, officially recognised as Henri's mistresses. There were, of course, others—for example, "the three nuns whom Henri IV. took as his mistresses during the protracted siege of Paris, when he made use, in turn, of various convents outside the walls as convenient places to reside in while directing the military operations. Not being well

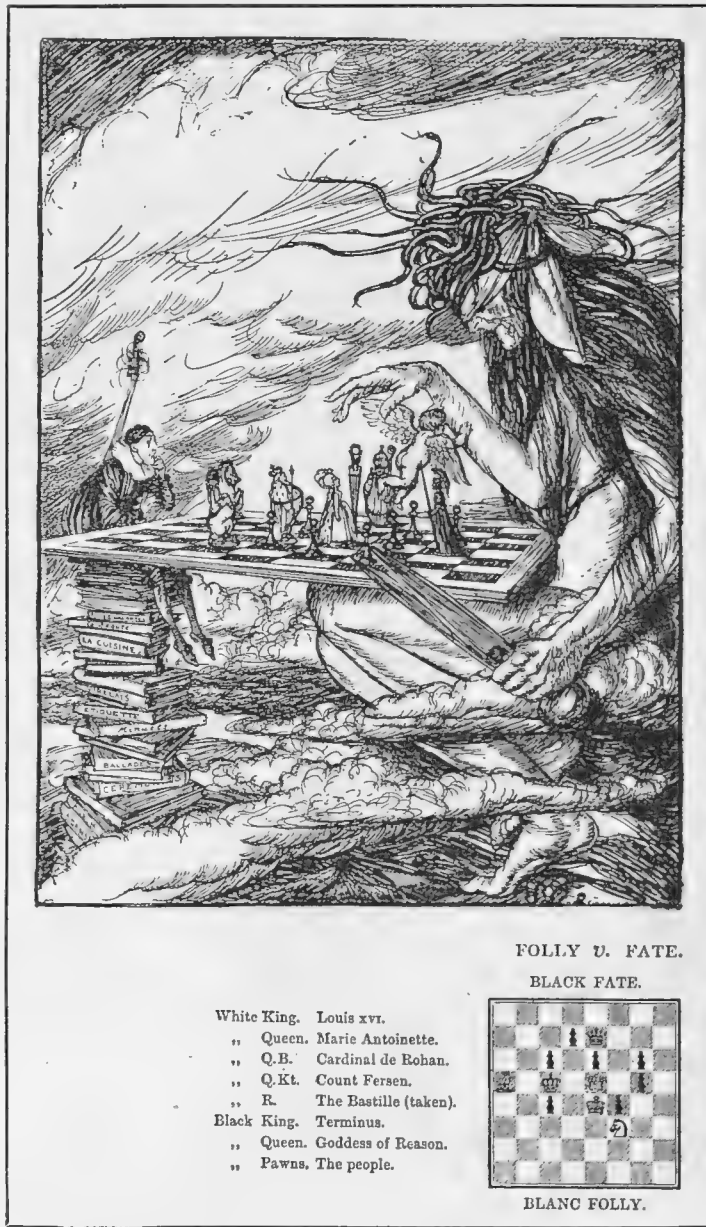
able to provide these chaste sisters with husbands and titles, Henri made them all Abbesses of good fat Abbeys. They were Catherine de Verdun, Marie de Beauvilliers, and Angélique d'Estrées (one of the sisters of Gabrielle), and were respectively rewarded for the levity with which they treated their vows with the Abbeys of Vernon, Montmartre, and Maubuisson."

And La Reine Margot—what of her? The story is told of her that, "such was her unwillingness to marry Henri, that she refused to answer the fatal 'Yes' during the ceremony, whereupon the fiery young Charles IX. furiously pushed down his sister's head. This action was taken as a consent by Henri's uncle, the Cardinal de Bourbon, who was performing the nuptial service." Hence, possibly, her continual search for solace elsewhere. However that may be, it is certain that she was as free with passion as was her husband, and as little loving. She served all those she conquered as she did La Mole: "The heart of La Mole was, we may imagine, already safely stowed away in one of the many pockets of the famous *vertugadin à pochettes*, of which speaks Tallemand des Réaux. 'In each of these,' he says, 'she used to put a box, in which was the heart of one of her lovers who had died, for she was of a careful turn of mind; and as soon as they passed away, caused their hearts to be embalmed. This *vertugadin* (farthingale or crinoline) was hung up every night from a hook, which was fastened with a padlock behind the head of her bed.'"

She was complacent, too, and naturally. But it is doubtful whether she could be as complacent as was her husband to his mistress on one occasion: "Henri IV., having returned on purpose to catch Bellegarde with his

mistress, found an elegant repast for two spread in her chamber. As he entered the room the artful Béarnais saw the last of Bellegarde's toes vanishing under the bed. In the best of good humour, and with many a sarcastic, merry quip, the King sat down to enjoy the dinner which had been prepared for another cavalier, but gave no vent to his suspicions. Suddenly, taking a roast partridge and placing it on a piece of bread, Henri flung them under the bed. To Gabrielle's exclamation of astonishment, the King responded, with a shout of laughter: 'Why, Madame, surely you know that all the world must live!'

Thus lived, and "loved," Henri de Navarre and Marguerite de Valois, the gallant Henri IV. and La Reine Margot, whose names will never be forgotten in France! "The Frenchman or Frenchwoman of to-day yet speaks complacently of this *preux chevalier*, of their King, who so gaily shone alike in the battlefield and in the boudoir."



A REMARKABLE ILLUSTRATION TO CARLYLE'S "FRENCH REVOLUTION,"  
BY E. J. SULLIVAN.

Reproduced from one of the Two Volumes by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

\* "The Amours of Henri de Navarre and of Marguerite de Valois." By Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O. (Stanley Paul. 16s. net.)

## THE BALDEADSKI TRIO—IN A SYMPHONIE PATHÉTIQUE.



THE CUSTOMER (*brusquely*): I want the parting in the middle.

THE BARBER: Yessir, certainly, Sir. And what would you like done with the third 'air, Sir?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.





# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## A NEWSPAPER TRAGEDY.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN AND HERBERT DE BEER.

THE two men had been schoolfellows. After some years' separation, they were now together on the staff of a great London daily newspaper. Edward Sinclair was slightly the elder of his friend Henry Ross, and adopted, perhaps unconsciously, a slightly patronising air. It was through his influence that Ross had joined the paper. Their desks were together in the great writing-room of the office, and they shared one another's enthusiasms in their work and recreation. Ross had even gone to live in Sinclair's house at Surbiton. This proved an admirable arrangement, at least for Ross, who was the most careless creature imaginable, and had no notion of household management or the gentle arts of furnishing. "The proper place to live in," he always said, "is a caravan, so that one can move one's habitat from day to day." Sinclair, on the contrary, was a man of a strictly ordered imagination. He collected seventeenth-century editions, and was never known, even under the stress of a big journalistic hit, to be unrefined in his pleasures. He never went to the point of adopting an undignified attitude—the attitude of the sinner who has good cause for repentance the next morning. He was always a man who kept himself well in hand, limiting his enthusiasms, marshalling his emotions, tabulating his experiences. His "copy" was good—he had quite a large following in the paper; but it was principally good because it was never very bad. That was why he earned the esteem and consideration of his colleagues in the office. He was what you might call the correspondent *de tout repos*. His articles created no alarm in the breasts of careful and well-trained sub-editors. They could be printed without a tremor. The office worthies knew that his sentiments were always respectable; that he never harboured any illicit emotion; that what Sinclair thought to-day, Surbiton would re-echo to-morrow. Hence, he was quite a proper man, and the cashier had been asked, on one occasion already, to increase his salary.

Ross was a direct contrast. He had no civic virtues—only journalistic. He made one think of the story of the unredeemed reporter, who was found on the penitent-bench of the Salvation Army meeting. The military evangelist who was conducting, asked: "Brother, are you saved?" "No," was the reply; "I am a journalist." It seemed to him a sufficient reply—no one could accuse a journalist of wishing to be saved. Ross, I fear, was irredeemable. He was a poetical person with strange leanings towards green eyes and things that should not be, but are. He was perverse; no doubt, in his secret soul, though taking care not to show it. A wild, outrageous fellow, his "copy" could never be relied upon. One day it shone like polished brass or twinkled like the stars—a thing of beauty and brilliance. Another day, it went haltingly through a sea of commas and full-stops. No one knew what it meant, least of all Ross. It would mean, principally, dismissal if it were seen by the stern eye of the managing editor, who had no bowels of compassion and held out no hope to poets.

Before he joined the *Comet*, Ross had picked up his experiences anywhere, everywhere. He had had strange adventures in Canada, where he turned boatman on one of the Great Lakes; he had been a cowboy in Texas; if he had not been a backwoodsman in Australia, it was because he had not had the time. He had all the makings of the dare-devil of Rolf Boldrewood's stories. Added to this original dose of sin, he was a poet, and broke out suddenly into verse in unexpected places. It was most trying for the sub-editor, who liked a man to follow the rules. "Verse! verse!—in an article on the Manchester Election! Ridiculous!"

And yet Ross had his worth on the paper: that was why he was there. He had a wonderful penchant for crime—not his own crime: that made him sorry—but the crime of other people, which made him glad. He was by way of being a sleuth-hound, and

whenever he was charged with the investigation of some great and sensational affair, he turned the facts into a golden stream of imagination, from which leapt the wild flames of desire and passion and power, hatred, and all the green-headed monsters that have tormented mankind since the world began. He knew the evil side of life, and seemed to revel in it. Of course, that was good for his descriptive talents. People love to have the villain painted in glowing colours, with only here and there a suggestion that a villain is not what he ought to be. When you come to think of it, it is villainy that brings grist to the printing-machine. Who wants to read about respectability?—it is much too dull! The dull speeches of dull politicians—bah! "Give me a 'orrid sensation to sell the paper," was the h-less opinion of the publisher—a man of parts and discernment, though innocent of aspirates.

Ross and Sinclair, notwithstanding their contrasting natures, were good friends. Sinclair liked Ross because deep in the heart of the most respectable and ordered is the sneaking wish to know a dare-devil. We should not ourselves dare to be one—it is so uncomfortable; but to know one, to bask in his friendship, to catch his illicit secrets, to note his insidious smile, to watch the glint of mischief in his eye: these are the things that make the blood go quicker in the veins of respectability, with a good banking account and a comfortable house in the suburbs. That was partly why Sinclair invited Ross to join him in his house, and to share the housewifely management of Mrs. Sinclair.

If I could afford it, Mrs. Sinclair would have a chapter to herself. She was fair without being fluffy. She had a brilliant complexion, which was mostly her own. Even when her face was in *deshabille*, it was not unpleasing, as faces go. She had a smile and a turn of expression that were bewitching, at times. There was a look of radiance about her that you do not associate with the English climate. I fancy her ancestry was mixed, but I never inquired. She had a delicate way of speaking, an underlying admiration for Sinclair, and yet, at the same time, a personality different and distinct from her husband. She was what you would call an interesting woman, besides being a very pretty one. And she liked clothes. Sinclair, on the contrary, had an annoying habit of buying shirts one at a time, when on his journalistic journeys, and consequently had no linen worth speaking about. He knew nothing of the joy of dressing. But his wife displayed skill in her choice of colours that attracted the eye of the artistic Ross. It pained him that the British nation was so insensible in that respect; that women of even some sentiment, and beauty, understand nothing of the harmony of colours, of their enjoyment. His own day was spent in long contemplation as to what tie went with what waistcoat. Supposing you had a waistcoat of white wool, with light blue spots about it, would you wear a brown tie and still be respected? These were things to torture the mind of Ross. Very many of them were answered for him by Mrs. Sinclair. He saw she was no ordinary woman, but one to make him forget his past "affairs," and begin all over again.

### II.

Ross and Mrs. Sinclair agreed very well. They found so many interests in common. By the disposition of the office, the two friends never got off the same evening; hence, Ross was at liberty to take Mrs. Sinclair to the theatre at times when her husband had his nose to the grindstone. That husband was well content that his wife was well content. She, poor thing, pinched and starved in the climatic austerities of Surbiton, found little occasion to flaunt her gay ribbons. She looked her archest and dressed her prettiest when Ross took her out. Sinclair, as I have implied, had no eye for colour, whilst Ross revelled in it. He always admired her millinery, and told her how her dress suited her.

*Continued overleaf.*

## SERVANT QUESTIONS.



THE MISTRESS: Now, Jane, it's more convenient for me if you continue to do the shopping, and I intend to make it worth your while to be honest: so I propose adding eight shillings a month to your wages.

JANE: Well, M'm, before I agree to the noo conditions I should just like to work it out on paper.



THE MISTRESS: But you've never objected to cooking a hot dinner on Sunday before.

THE COOK: No, M'm; but I got a noo young man now.

THE MISTRESS: Is he a strict Sabbatarian, then?

THE COOK: I s'pose so, M'm; at any rate, 'e says 'e draws the 'line at takin' a face like boiled beef out for a walk on Sunday afternoon.



They confessed to each other and were mutually shriven. "Edward is so self-centred—so wrapped up in himself; he never seems to think of me, or, if he does think, he imagines my aspirations are to be met—with a cheque-book," sighed the fair Mrs. Sinclair.

Ross was all sympathy. "A shame! You are too nice a little woman to be wasted in this way," though he took care not to indicate any other way. He was a born bachelor, and had not even a wife in the Antipodes.

A year passed, and the intimacy grew, till even Sinclair fancied it was a little over-done. However, Ross and he were on such good terms, he found his friend's conversation and outlook so refreshing, that he hesitated to remonstrate. Whilst he was wondering what would be his better course—he knew by experience it was useless to appeal to Mrs. Sinclair—he was helped by the post. Perhaps this is not quite the right expression, since the post dealt him a heavy blow. It was in the form of an anonymous letter—one of those hatefully cruel things that wriggle their way into the bosom of friendship and leave a poison there. This letter began in the usual way of anonymous letters: "Sir,—I think it my duty to warn you, etc." Sinclair read on with glowing cheeks and kindling eye. The hateful scrawl hissed out accusations against his wife and Ross. They were together everywhere, said the correspondent, and the neighbours had begun to talk. "Was he aware that, only the night before last, Mrs. S. and the gentleman boarder"—so the missive expressed it—"had returned home as late as 1.30 a.m.?" He—that is, the "gentleman boarder"—"was in a very hilarious mood." There were other allusions to the state of things said to prevail, and the letter concluded with the hope that Sinclair, in his blindness and desire to think no evil, would not allow this interloper to poison his happiness and ruin his home.

In an ordinary way Sinclair would have treated this letter as a joke, or, more probably, with contempt and contumely. He would have torn it to bits and deposited it in the fire. But to-day he was not quite in this mood. There seemed to him to be a whispering suggestion of truth about it: it seemed to respond to his own questionings, to his own inner voice of doubt and suspicion. Yet he could not make up his mind what to do. What could he do? It was so sordid and hateful—so dreadful to have to doubt one's friends. And yet was there any need to doubt? Was it not a trumped-up lie of some malevolent creature in the office, who was envious of him or of Ross, or perhaps of both, and wished to set them by the ears in the hope of making a scandal? Sinclair sat for a long time pondering these things.

He had recently been raised to the post of night editor—temporarily, had said the proprietor, to see how he shaped—and the responsibility absorbed him more than ever. He left the article before him unwritten—he had not the heart to write. His brain was in a whirl, his heart beat with terrible quickness, he thought he must suffocate. "I cannot stand it—I cannot stand it." He ran his hands through his hair. At the same time, he caught sight of himself in the mirror in his office. "Good heavens!" he muttered. "One would think I had committed a murder."

In his agitation, he left his writing, put on his hat, and went out. The roar in the streets seemed to do him good. He began to think clearly. "Obviously, my best course," he reflected, "is to question Ross."

He hailed a hansom and dashed back to the office.

"Is Mr. Ross in?" he asked of the boy in charge of the landing.

Ross was not in—was not expected that day. He had gone into the country to attend a wedding, he had told the sub-editor.

"A wedding in the country! Ah!" Sinclair began to think again—rapidly, painfully. "Well, we will see." He again took up his hat and went out. This time he hailed an auto-taxi driver and gave his own house as the address. They whirled away to Surbiton at the unaccustomed hour of four. It gave Sinclair a curious feeling to see his home by daylight—he rarely saw it except by gaslight or moonlight. The world looked different somehow; it gave him a curious feeling of unreality.

He let himself in quietly. "No good to disturb Emmie," he thought. There was not a soul in the sitting-room or the little apartment off it, which the Sinclairs dignified by the name of the "Smoky." He went upstairs swiftly, and turned the handle of his bedroom-door. A bolt on the other side resisted him. He pushed, but the door did not yield in the slightest. In an agony of mind he commenced to kick, and then to hammer upon the panels with his fists.

Suddenly the door opened. Ross rushed out. He almost knocked Sinclair over. Sinclair lunged at him fiercely, but the blow did not reach him. Ross raced down the stairs. In a second or two there was a loud banging of the door: he had gone.

Mechanically, Sinclair advanced a step or two into the room. His wife stood before the mirror, coiling her hair with nervous fingers. He could see her frightened expression in the glass, see how pale she was.

Sinclair was too overcome to speak. He stood gasping, with staring eyes. She was much the less perturbed of the two.

When he found his tongue he rained reproaches on her, coupling her name with that of Ross with a brutality and savagery that were absolutely new to him and to her. She stood transfixed by his violence.

Then there came into her eyes a gleam of something that might

have been admiration. The very fierceness of the man cowed, and yet fascinated her. She began to feel a new interest in her husband's personality. Yet, before the fire of those flashing grey eyes, she had nothing to say. She hung her head in shame and confusion.

### III.

Ross fled, his mind in chaotic state. Without knowing how or why, he found himself striding beside the river. He realised it suddenly, and it gave him a shock. It suggested suicide. Life was too strong within him for that. The idea had flashed upon him, and he refused it impatiently—the mental action brought him to his senses.

In a sort of trance, he had been thinking in a vicious circle. This awakened him. Of course, he was in a horrible mess. He had wrecked three lives. Would Sinclair shoot him? No, he was sure of that. It would be the usual sordid divorce case, the exposure of dirty linen, himself the libertine co-respondent, the false friend. The idea sickened him—selfishly, perhaps. He ought to have thought of the consequences—truth will out.

Of the woman and her husband he was thinking little; the catastrophe was on his own head. What should he do? He was now clearly conscious. He had so little money. He had never saved. He could not even emigrate, nor could he get abroad again. Meanwhile, he must stick to the office for a livelihood. How would he be able to avoid Sinclair? Why avoid him?

Goodness! it was after midnight. He must do something. He was hungry; no matter, the thought of action of any kind had roused him. What a hopeless failure he was!

About two in the morning found him outside the office; he did not know quite where to go or what to do. A cold drizzle harmonised with his feelings. Yes, he would go in.

An agitated "sub" looked at him in bewilderment. Of course, his presence there at all was unexpected: he was not on duty; but Ross thought he must look queer—guilty, even.

Had he seen Sinclair? Where was Sinclair? They were already late, they must go to press without him; they had been waiting for him and had put in other copy instead.

No, Ross did not know where he was—he was conscious himself of a mental picture of Sinclair in despair—evidently Sinclair in his agony had forgotten his work.

Yes, better go to press at once. Just then a bulky cable was thrown in by messenger. Ross took it up and turned it over mechanically.

The sub hesitated a moment, and then dashed off to give orders to the printing-room.

Ross opened the cable—an account of a terrible shipwreck, hundreds of emigrants drowned, a mad rush for the boats, women and children dashed aside, officers and crew using revolvers and belaying-pins in a useless attempt to intimidate the maddened foreigners fighting for their lives. Yes, it must be a "scoop," he felt it, was sure of it. The journalistic instinct rang out sharp and true. But what had it to do with him? Sinclair should have been there. It was none of his business. Besides, how late it was. The printing had just begun. That settled it. He was himself again. He sent for the "sub," stopped the machines, and sat down and wrote up the story as he had never worked before. His heart was in it, he was on the slippery decks himself—was not his own life a shipwreck?

Yes, it was a scoop, quite an exclusive story; none of the rivals had any mention of it. The paper sold like wildfire and kept the machines going till late. The proprietor, staying at Brighton, was overjoyed; never had there been such a complete success. He telegraphed congratulations to Sinclair, and confirmed him in his post as night editor.

Sinclair himself, sad, tired, and unstrung, drifting into the office for the evening work, found the telegram, read it, and did not understand. Since the realisation of his misfortune his mind had been blank. He had not seen or heard anything. He had not seen his wife again; he had not turned her out. In reality he bore her no ill-will now—he saw his own failings, his neglect, too clearly. He began to think himself to blame.

She would go to her people, of course, and the nasty, unpleasant proceedings would follow. Could he keep his post? How wretched he felt!

"Who wrote up the story?" he asked.

"Oh, Mr. Ross, Sir. He came in quite late, just when we had gone to press. He stopped us, and we put up the copy line by line as he wrote it."

In his unexplained absence the coup could have been missed. This, indeed, might have cost him his place. And here he was, definitely appointed editor, and his reputation made—thanks to Ross.

He sent for him.

As Ross came in Sinclair looked up, walked across the room, the proprietor's wire in his hand, and handed it to him without a word. Ross read it.

"I am leaving for good," he stammered—"if you could—if it were possible to forget and forgive," he added. He just raised his eyebrows. Sinclair understood intuitively—sorrow sharpens the wits; he turned to discover a veiled figure who had been waiting for him. He advanced and took his wife's hand.

# THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

THERE will be some good in the recent outbreak of plague among the rats if it leads to an organised campaign against the countless survivors that possess the countryside. In common with most men who own a certain amount of livestock and outbuildings, I have suffered great damage from vermin, but can honestly say that I have done all that in me lies to abate the nuisance. Ferrets and dogs are always at the disposal of my unwelcome visitors; from time to time, poisons and "cultures" have been put down; but I am beginning to think that the rats are raising a breed that can thrive upon poison, and that they are no longer subject to its destructive force. Now and again my people have a half-day off, and supplement the efforts of dogs and ferrets with their sticks. This drastic measure is not without effect; the numbers of the enemy suffer reduction, but it is only for a time. On a sudden, I am told that the rats have gnawed their way through hard wood and have reduced to insignificance the barley-meal of the pigs, the maize and mixed corn of the fowls, the oats of the horses. Some of these things were kept in zinc-lined cases with heavy wooden lids, until the rodents, despairing of the tin, set to work to eat the lids, so that I have been forced to buy galvanised-iron bins, galvanised iron and broken glass being the only things within my knowledge that a healthy, hungry rat refuses to eat. Foiled in one direction, the rats raided the stores of clamped roots and ate every one, gnawed the wire-mesh covering of the stored fruit, and treated that in similar fashion. The position is a serious one, for the rats have left their summer and autumn quarters in the hedgerows and are now under the outbuildings. The presence of concrete floors is no trouble to them; they eat their way through the woodwork above, and, owing to their generous capacities for reproducing their species, contrive to make up for the wastage that results from my attempts to wipe them out. I am about to make one more determined attack with guns, dogs, ferrets, and virus, and if this does not succeed, will acknowledge that I have met my masters.

It may be, as I have suggested, that the presence of the rat plague will stir the authorities to take some definite action. There is little use in any labours on one spot if rats thrive unchecked in the immediate neighbourhood, and there is no law to compel a careless farmer to keep his vermin down. Rats are great migrants, and when the community is growing too large in one part, numbers go forth to find fresh woods and pastures new. Once or twice in the past few years, when a considerable expenditure of time and money has seemed to promise some relief, as if by magic the rats have returned. This means no more than that within a half-mile radius

of my home some detachments have been sent out to find new quarters, and have paid me the dubious compliment of selecting mine. Farmers are quite ready to use ferrets and terriers now and again, but few are prepared to spend much money on poison, though their annual loss from the unthreshed stacks must run into big figures. It is a pity that the local authorities cannot procure some effective poison at a cheap rate and sell it on moderate terms to farmers, with full instructions for its use. If this could be done, it might be possible to follow the step up with another, making it compulsory for every farmer to reduce the vermin on his land in the interests of public health. This class of legislation works quite effectively on the Continent. In France, for example, the tenant of land must cut down his nettles and thistles; should he allow them to seed, he will injure his neighbour's land, and for palpable neglect can

be proceeded against and made to pay a substantial fine. This law is no dead letter; it is invoked whenever necessary, and consequently clean fields are the rule rather than the exception.

I have written in this column before to-day protesting against the wholesale slaughter of owls, kestrels, weasels, and other natural enemies of the rat, and it is a pleasure to see that some of the county officers of health are urging people to preserve owls. If we had enough about the countryside there would be far fewer survivors of the rat armies that seek the hedgerows in fine weather, for rats are night-feeders and so is the owl, whose rounded feather shafts enable him to swoop noiselessly down upon his prey. The weasel will hunt and kill rats, even the fox does not despise them, but the owl can do more in a night than the other enemies of the rat will do in a week. Living as I do in a closely preserved part of the country, I find the owl tends rapidly to disappear. It is vain for the intelligent farmer to preserve it if the keeper thinks the destruction of barn owl, wood owl, long-eared owl, and the rest is

one of his chief duties on earth. In all probability there are far more rats in Great Britain than there are men, women, and children, and it is quite time that the minority should protect itself. The danger is easily underrated. Many people who know little about the rat believe that it may be killed without difficulty, but this is far from the truth. The rat has more than strength, ferocity, and an inordinate appetite; it has nearly as much cunning as the fox, and will take an absurd amount of trouble to preserve its unnecessary and unwelcome existence. If the Pied Piper of Hamelin would but return to earth, there can be no doubt but that he would be able to command his own terms. But I doubt whether this country has a river wide and strong enough to drown the rats that would respond to the piper's call.

MARK OVER.



The Crown Prince.

## THE IMPERIAL TOURIST AS SPORTSMAN: THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE PLAYING HOCKEY AT POTSDAM.

The German Crown Prince left Berlin the other day for his Eastern tour. He is accompanied as far as Ceylon by the Crown Princess, the pair travelling as the Count and Countess Ravensberg. On the 11th of next month the Crown Prince is due to start for Bombay, on board the "Gneisenau." He will be in India for two months. Later, he will visit Singapore, Bangkok, the Dutch Indies, Hong-Kong, Canton, Shanghai, Kiao-Chau, Peking, and Japan. For the Indian journey, the British Government have detailed for service with him Sir Harold Arthur Stuart, Colonel Arthur Robert Dick, Mr. Arthur Royance Jelf, and Colonel Richard Alexander Steel. Wherever he goes, his Imperial Highness will be accompanied by German officials familiar with the particular districts, and it is argued that the tour will help Germany's Asiatic trade, the imperial visitor's presence advertising this.

Photograph by Löhn and Streich.





By HENRY LEACH.

**Miss Leitch Again.** Fewer eulogiums have been accorded to Miss Cecilia Leitch for her play in her match against Mr. V. C. H. Longstaffe at Aldeburgh than should have been. She played in several games on courses round about

London after her great match against Mr. Hilton; but this was the first one of what might be called a semi-public character—the first that any general notice was taken of, anyhow—since her victory at Sunningdale.



THE SUSSEX TEAM, WHICH WAS BEATEN BY CHESHIRE.

You see, she did not happen to beat Mr. Longstaffe, and so there was not the opportunity for the chatterboxes to exclaim that her previous form was confirmed, and that she was really beyond all doubt better than the men, these people being, as before, sublimely disregarding of the odds that were given and taken. As a matter of fact, her general form was confirmed, and there are ways of looking at the result of the Aldeburgh match in which her performance seems to be little, if at all, inferior to the previous one. She only just beat Mr. Hilton as the result of a remarkable *tour-de-force* in her last round, and Mr. Hilton gave her nine strokes. The general run of the play and the result of the game showed that those were the proper odds, or as near to them as you would ever get; but, of course, some people said that, as she won the match, she proved that the man could not give so much; and that eight was the right number. It is a difficult point to argue, and, anyhow, it is only a question of one stroke, so it may be left alone. Now, Mr. Longstaffe only gave her five strokes. Many golfers thought he would have given six, anyhow. He is not one of the very best of amateurs, but he is very good, and in his time has been captain of the Cambridge University side. He is handicapped, I believe, at plus one, and on this reckoning Mr. Hilton ought to give him three strokes.

#### The Odds in the Case.

Giving those five strokes to Miss Leitch, he just beat her by two and one—one of those close matches of which, like the other, you could say there was nothing in it. The lady, after losing holes at the beginning, and being three down at the turn, played up splendidly afterwards, and was only just defeated. If you consider the odds that were given in these two matches, and the results, you must come to the conclusion that things worked out very much the same in both cases, although, of course, the Aldeburgh test was a much shorter one than the other, and that the lady did everything, or nearly, to justify her win over Mr. Hilton, if any justification were needed. This should be properly understood. One result that these matches in which the skilful Carlisle

girl has taken part have certainly had, is to give an enormous impetus to ladies' golf, and—strangely enough in a way—to men's golf also, this being to say that the game has been so advertised among the non-golfing general public, and has perhaps come to be a little better understood by that public than it was before, that men who had hardly given it a thought previously are now making inquiries about it, and wondering whether they should join a club or not. When non-golfers begin to ponder upon this question, they are done for. In these thoughts of theirs they are now being encouraged by the lady members of the family as they were not before. It makes much difference when the whole family is interested and is of one mind in the matter, and there seems to be a greater likelihood of better family unity on the question of golf now than there ever has been. How far this coming change is delightful to the established and exclusive male golfers who have kept the ladies of their households off the links so far, is a matter that I am not prepared to express any opinion upon at this juncture. I am just listening to what others are saying, and making notes.

#### A New Boom.

But, of course, it is among the ladies, as apart from the other sex, that the interest in the game is now fast increasing as the result of these recent matches. In two big stores that I have been in lately, where large stocks of golf clubs are kept, I have been told that the demand for new and complete sets of ladies' clubs—indicative of beginnings being made—is at least twice as great as it has ever been before, that stocks have been sold out, and so on, and all this despite the fact that the winter season is coming on. A new golf boom has begun, and it promises to be a bigger and better one than any before it. Then I find that the requests for admission to the ladies' clubs are far more numerous than before, and I am receiving inquiries from everywhere on this matter. It is the

plain fact that there are not enough ladies' courses in the London district—and most likely others also—to satisfy present demands, let alone any big increase in them. The ladies' sections of the chief clubs in town are in many cases full up and sometimes have long waiting lists, even though the ladies are generally subject to considerable restrictions in their play. So far as



THE CHESHIRE TEAM, WHICH BEAT SUSSEX, AND WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP.



THE WARWICKSHIRE TEAM, WHICH BEAT DEVONSHIRE.

one can see, it will not be easy to remedy this state of affairs either, but some remedy will have to be found. Demand creates supply, and I gather that there are some thousands of embryo lady golfers who have just come into the latter category.



THE DEVONSHIRE TEAM, WHICH WAS BEATEN BY WARWICKSHIRE.

#### THE LADIES' INTER-COUNTY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

Photographs by Sport and General.

# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## Show Impressions.

Before quitting all reference to the late Exhibition, it might be well to sum up briefly the impression made upon an intelligent observer by the tendency of design. Save and except the sleeve-valve engine of the Daimler Company, and the Hewitt piston engine fitted to the Crowdy car, the Show just past was not so prolific in engine departures as that which preceded it. The success of the sleeve valve has apparently urged makers to strain every effort for the perfection of the poppet valve, and the exploitation of the 1911 types will show how great an advance has been made in this direction. Noise no longer results from the impact of the mushroom-headed valves on their seatings. This happened when heads were small and lifts high. To-day both inlet and exhaust valves approach their pistons in diameter, and the lifts are reduced to a minimum. Moreover, cam-profiles are such that the valves are so checked in the last portion of their downward travel that they settle on to their seatings without a sound. Clearance between the tappets and the valve-stems now hardly exists, and in many types the tappet-heads are of fibre, or are held up to the valve-spindles by dash-pot devices.

## Valve Shaft Drives Diverse.

Engine-noise to-day is due to the distribution gear almost alone, and many makers have succeeded in reducing this to a minimum by great care in gear-cutting or the use of helical gear and the intergearing of steel and gun-metal and fibre wheels. Others—a few at present—are following the Daimler lead, and are using chain-drive to the cam-shaft, such expert chain-makers as Hans Renold and the Coventry Chain Company having produced chains particularly suited to this job. Also cam-shafts are increased in diameter, and have more and longer bearings. In one case—that of the Sheffield-Simplex—the distribution gear has been reduced to the least common multiple, a worm, set at forty-five degrees, connecting the driving-wheel on the crank-shaft with the driven wheel on the cam-shaft. This worm is further laid under contribution, for at one end it rotates the magneto, and at the other the oil-pump. To my mind, this is a great advance in the gear-driving of cam-shafts, and I look to more or less plagiarism next year.

The Increase of the Multi-Disc Clutch. Passing rearward along the chassis, after the engine comes the clutch, one of the most important and delicate attributes of a motor-car. A harsh, slack, or in any way ill-behaving clutch will spoil the running of the otherwise most perfect car, and the driver's temper into the bargain. The most noticeable fact in relation to the clutches at the Show was the increase in the use of the multi-disc variety at the expense of the leather-faced cone type, which, however, still enjoys a large amount of favour. Now that nearly all the initial difficulties of multi-clutch construction have been surmounted, it forms perhaps the best driving connection between the engine and the gear-box, although not superior to the expanding-brake segment type, of which a few were shown. In the matter of the coned variety,

they are now generally designed to contain their own thrust, which is as it should be, but still not excusing thrust bearings to the crank-shaft. On the whole, at the Show the multi-disc clutch had it, and I think the makers are warranted by results.

## Gear-Box Improvements Few.

every case where motor-unit design did not obtain they were provided.

Good, really flexible connections between the clutch and gear-shafts were very prevalent. Some were better than others, but in nearly every case where motor-unit design did not obtain they were provided. Gear-boxes are more or less marking time. Attempts are still made to shorten them, and with them the shafts; also to insert a bearing between the driving constant gear-wheel on the primary shaft and the next wheel, to reduce noise. There were two or three cases of idle secondary shafts on the top speeds, whether third or fourth; but, although very desirable, this practice does not seem to be favoured by makers, probably by reason of the extra cost. In only two cases did I come across forced lubrication to the gear-shaft bearings and wheels. One type or more of the De Dion and the 50-h.p. six-cylinder Wolseley enjoy this refinement.

## Propeller Shaft Drive Various.

The practice with regard to propeller-shaft drive is by no means standardised. In many cases propeller-shafts with universals at both ends occur, although the majority favour a universal forward and a plunging joint behind. Then some propeller-shafts run quite naked, while others are enclosed in a column, which, by being bolted to the forward face of the differential gear-case, and hinged by a fork-head to a cross-member, are made to serve both as thrust and torque members. This makes a nice clean job, but, personally, I should prefer universally jointed radius-rods, kept as near the wheels as possible for drive-conveying purposes. It is not wise to ask a human being to do two things at once; but there is no hesitation in doing this with a torque-cum-thrust propeller-casing. In some cases, of course, the thrust duty is relegated to the springs, while in one instance I saw both jobs carried out by the forward halves of semi-elliptical springs. Not good!

**Worming Into Favour.** A distinct current of favour has set in with regard to worm-drive to the back axle. In all cases but one the tangential form of worm is used, but opinion varies as to whether the worm should be set over or under the worm-wheel. Personally, I prefer the overhead position, on account of the clearance, and the fact that there is no necessity to rake engine or gear-box for alignment. But with the worm beneath the worm-wheel, as in the Napier, the drive is absolutely fool-proof as to lubrication, and has certain other advantages.

Another point not often urged in favour of worm-drive is the fact that the driven worm-wheel can be set centrally over the differential gear, and that, there being no side-thrust, as with bevel-drive, a parallel form of differential gear can be used with advantage.

[Continued on a later page.]



CHIEF CONSTRUCTIONAL EXPERT AT THE ARMY AERIAL FACTORY AT FARNBOROUGH. MR. MERVYN O'GORMAN.

Mr. O'Gorman, a consulting engineer and a well-known authority on motors, took up the post of Chief Constructional Expert at the Army Aerial Factory at Farnborough a year ago. That his work has been very good all acknowledge.



A MOTOR-CAR DRIVEN BY AN AIR-PROPELLER, EITHER ON LAND OR WATER.

An American automobile manufacturer recently fitted a test car with an eight-foot wooden propeller and raced it against an airman, in a Wright aeroplane, on a track. The device attained a speed of almost a mile a minute. He has now placed his "wind-wagon" on a small barge. It cannot be run with its full power on the water, as the wind-resistance created by the propeller, which revolves 800 times a minute, pushes the barge under water. Nevertheless, it has hauled heavy boats up stream on White River. The car is a 40-h.p. machine, and weighs 1800 lb.



# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

## Coronation Year.

Racing will prosper next year, and, as England will be crowded with Colonials and foreigners; it is safe to predict big attendances at the more fashionable meetings—such as Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood. His Majesty the King will run several horses at the big meetings, and it is hoped that the coming two-year-olds will prove to be smart. Unfortunately, many of the other horses under R. Marsh's charge are not up to the top class. They are useful, and that is all. It is gratifying to hear that his Majesty is to patronise Irish races, and I hope he will also run a jumper or two, and eventually win a Grand National. In preparation for the Coronation year, clerks of courses should make a special effort to have their stands and race-tracks in good order. Special attention should be paid to the half-crown rings and stands—at many meetings the accommodation is of the worst. This should be remedied right off, and new number-boards should be erected in the cheap rings, especially in the silver-rings at the Rowley Mile stand at Newmarket. No doubt some enterprising clerks of courses will establish Coronation Cups and Plates. These should be run for over a distance of a mile and a half and upwards, as long-distance races are appreciated by the majority of racegoers, and the foreigners see no fun in the short cuts. I would also respectfully suggest to owners, or some of them, that they should renew their colours in honour of the occasion, as some of the dirty jackets worn by jockeys just now are a disgrace. The Jockey Club might institute the numbered saddle-cloths that are giving so much satisfaction in National Hunt racing this year.

**Professionals.** It is a remarkable fact that the professionals meet with very bad luck as owners. Mr. Charles Hannam, who is one of the biggest backers, has had several tries to win races with his own horses, but has seldom scored. Mr. A. Spalding did win a race the other day with Levanger, but otherwise he has done very badly with a small stable of horses. Messrs. Heasman and Johnson often send out winners over the sticks, but they do not score out of their turn with their flat-racers. Mr. A. Cockburn does not run horses now. Mr. R. Tyler, who, besides being a big backer, owns horses, wins an occasional race under both sets of rules, and Mr. F. Parker scores once now and again; but Mr. James Hare has not won a race for a very long time. So much for the professional backers. Of the layers, Mr. C. Hibbert has had a bad time with his horses during the last few months. Mr. W. Aston does not score out of his turn, and Mr. R. Jeffries makes more out of his book than he does from his horses. Mr. G. Smith wins in the north and in the south occasionally; but, as a rule, the bookmakers do not make money out of ownership. Mr. W. Alden, who has just bought one or two platers, may succeed where his brother pencilers have failed—that

is, to make ownership a success; but I very much doubt it. The moral of it all is that, if professionals cannot run horses to a profit, amateurs are hardly likely to be able to do so, and it can, I think, be taken for granted that ownership must be put down under the heading of business. True, some stables do show good results, owing, in the main, to being able to capture some of the big prizes. All the same, I doubt whether the majority of owners make money, and I know that owning and running horses, especially if the owner does not bet, is a most expensive game for the little man. Railway expenses, cost of training, jockeys' fees and entry-fees swallow up a little fortune, while in many instances there is nothing to show for it. The men who work at the game of racing without having to employ any of their own capital—I refer to the jockeys, trainers, and bookmakers—are the only men who really make money out of the sport. The losers ensure these men some sort of profit, while they spell disaster to the poor owners.

## Riding.

Undoubtedly something will have to be done to assist the handicappers in doing their work properly. We have lived to see ante-post betting killed, and it is seldom the very best class of owners run horses in big handicaps now. Evidently there is something wrong with this class of race, and it behoves those in authority to do all in their power to revive the interest in big handicaps. Unfortunately, the methods adopted by some stables who go out for handicaps are not sportsmanlike, to say the best of them. They run their horses until the weight has been got off, and just when the handicappers and the public think the animals have lost their form, they pop up, to the discomfiture of other owners and the sporting public. One thing I would insist on: that any animal who had been away from the course resting should, on his

return, be handicapped for at least half-a-dozen races on his best form, and not on his worst. Further, if any animal had ever run well with our best jockeys in the saddle, the horse should be handicapped up to the form shown until a jockey of the same calibre had ridden him again. What do we see now? An owner runs a horse with a good jockey up, and the animal wins. Then follows a succession of races in which the animal is down the course, and is ridden by some chalk jockey. After this little performance has been gone through the horse is put into a handicap, and is often successful. Now I say the races in which the

handicappers know that the horse could not have been properly ridden should be taken no notice of by those officials, who should calculate the impost on the assumption that the horse was simply out for an airing each time a chalk jockey was requisitioned.



AT THE OPENING MEET OF THE PYTCHLEY: THE EARL OF PORTARLINGTON AND THE HON. LUCIA WHITE, YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF LORD ANNALY, THE MASTER.

The weather being of a most undecided nature, the field was smaller than is usual at the opening meet of the Pytchley; but, for all that, there was a gathering of between two and three hundred at Brixworth Hall, Mr. Guy Paget's place.—[Photograph by Topical.]



THE OPENING MEET OF THE PYTCHLEY AT BRIXWORTH HALL: THE PACK.

Frank Freeman, the huntsman, is of opinion that an excellent season is in prospect for the Pytchley, and on the day of the opening meet remarked "We have killed thirty-seven brace of cubs." The first fox was found at Walgrave Gorse, and gave the field about an hour's run. Eventually, he went to ground, and was left undisturbed. At the next cover, at Boughton, the pack made a kill.—[Photograph by Topical.]

# WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Genius at Home.** From time immemorial the personage with genius has been "gey ill to live with," and we can no more imagine Sappho doing "accounts" than we can picture Carlyle as a sprightly host at his own dinner-table. And now Miss May Sinclair, in her amazing psychological novel, "The Creators," has portrayed for us the humours of households which harbour persons of abnormal brain-power. Yet a Sappho, it appears, is by no means so difficult to domesticate as a Carlyle, for Miss Sinclair's female author, Jane Holland, is an Angel in the House compared to the "genius" George Tanqueray, who marries the housemaid only to bully and neglect her. Poor Jane's chief fault is that she cannot chronicle small beer correctly, although she can write masterpieces; while George is, *tout bonnement*, an intellectual bounder with a vast capacity for philandering. Miss Sinclair draws her female characters with an incisive pen. We know and understand them, and it is they, and the poet Protheroe, who will make the success of this powerful synthetic study of the unfortunate literary temperament.

**Was Byron Amusing?** Whatever interest Lord Byron may arouse in this country, it is certain that that dazzling personality is of perennial importance on the continent of Europe. It was not for nothing that a whole generation of foreign youths left off their shirt-collars and "stocks," cultivated a pale face and a melancholy manner, and affected to be the very devil among the women. That was the pose of the League of Youth a hundred years ago, and Byron was their pattern and the cynosure of thousands of bright young eyes. To-day we have the Nietzschean Young Man, who is certainly more egotistic and selfish, and not by any means so diverting. Byron, to be sure, had the advantage of being an English "Milor"—no small thing at that still feudal period—with a Continental fame as a poet, and a most beautiful exterior. A recent writer in *Le Temps* has discovered some contemporary evidence. It seems that Stendhal, who met the poet when he was twenty-seven, thought he was only eighteen, and has recorded that he had "the profile of an angel" and the "sweetest" manners. He was also an unabashed amorist, and was in the habit of driving a team of innamoratas something in the fashion of his own Don Juan. But all this time, in the heyday of his youthful fame, he was not the Byronic personage who was afterwards copied and caricatured. In a word, he was a thoroughly gay, cheerful youth, and in his journeys with Hobhouse he amazed his friend by his light-hearted love-affairs in all sorts of worlds, and the good-humoured audacity with which he carried them off. Byron was, according to his inseparable companion, "amusing," but no one who has read his incomparable letters need be told that this trait was essentially characteristic of the author

of "Manfred"—a sombre play which may be said to be his only real failure.

**Woman Reforms Herself.**

We are about to have a new Women's Charter, it appears, and Mrs. Frederic Harrison has drawn it up and is rapidly enlisting enthusiastic adherents. It is concerned, primarily, with the complex subject of

clothes. We all, it seems, spend too much on our persons and change the fashion of our garments much too frequently. Therefore, the first rule is that our dress-allowance is to be five or ten per cent. of our income. Moreover, every gown is to be provided with a pocket, and every member is to pledge herself to pay her dressmaker's bills. Twice a year only may the members of the League discuss the question of dress and lay out their five or ten per cent., and these two periods are respectively the autumn and the spring. At the fall of the leaf and at its budding, it is resolved, "proper time and attention should be given it, and the whole subject dismissed." This last resolution would be of incalculable value, except in the case of entertaining nincompoops, for more time and thought is annually wasted discussing fashions than would engineer a social revolution. I have an idea that the young men at the Bachelors' and the Bath Club buttonhole each other in remote corridors about the colour of cravats and the shape of "bowlers," but they certainly do not, as a rule, discuss their clothes in general society. Nor, be it said, should the modern woman. The new Charter contains other memorable suggestions for the use of the feminine sex, such as: 1. Not to carry gold or jewelled bags containing money in the street. 2. To smile, look pleasant, and make room for the thirteenth passenger in an omnibus on a wet day. 3. To raise the standard of independence and personal dignity by the scrupulous payment of small debts, such as cab-fares, etc.

**To Pay or Not To Pay?** This question of paying for herself, when she

is out in the company of a masculine friend, is one which agitates profoundly the modern woman. The young person of independent soul—and she is in the majority nowadays—sometimes undergoes agonies at being paid for like a brown-paper parcel at a booking-office. At the same time, the chivalrous soul of Man revolts at the idea of letting a girl he is with pay for her own tube fare, her lunch, or a taxi.

The younger he is, the more he dislikes to see her pull out her purse to defray her own expenses, unless he is one of those degenerate specimens amusingly portrayed by Mr. Maugham in "Smith," in which case he would take care to find himself only in the company of a rich married woman willing to "stand" him "treats." The question will have to be settled at no distant day, but with due regard to the feelings of ex-public schoolboys as well as the idiosyncrasies of the modern educated girl



(Copyright.)

FASHION'S LATEST WORD: AN EVENING GOWN OF NINON AND CRÊPE-DE-CHINE, TRIMMED WITH SABLE AND LACE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

**Oh, Those Hats!** Sweetness long drawn out appears to be the vogue just now for the female form divine. An elongated; funnel-like figure, crowned by a tall toque, appearing as a promoted muff in shape, is quite the latest. I saw a very pretty woman the other day walking along in the sunshine dressed in black cashmere satin-faced, and wearing a broad, soft boa of white chiffon velvet with bands of ermine, and a tall toque of ermine like a man's topper minus a brim, having a band of sable where Monsieur's mourning-band would be, and trained up against the left side, an ostrich-plume. There was a sweet face and peep of charmingly dressed hair under the hat, and it all seemed good to see. All the same, less favourably exploited, the costume might have proved trying. The big picture-hat is still with us: long may it stay; but the fashions in fur headgear run high and narrow.



A BELIEVER IN "MENS SANA" (TOGEN) IF NOT IN MEN'S GOLF: MISS CECILIA LEITCH.

Whatever she may think of men's golf, Miss Leitch believes in the "mens sana in corpore sano," as appears from the following letter from her to the proprietors of Sanatogen: "I feel I must write a few lines to tell you that I trained on your Sanatogen for my match, and think there is nothing like it. I shall always recommend it to my friends."

attired in ermine dressed by her. She was herself wearing a long turquoise-blue serge coat trimmed with dark-brown fur, and a big blue satin hat with a rosette of velvet at one side. Lady Theodora Guest was much congratulated on her first-aid group of dollies. They were all the victims of such up-to-date accidents. A much-damaged man on a stretcher had fallen out of an aeroplane. Ladies in sky-blue silk wrappers had their heads damaged by a bi-plane, had fallen from an excursion balloon, had been run down by a motor. The most modern form of accident was the case of a lady with a damaged jaw sustained in a hunting fall.

### Invigorating and Refreshing.

After hunting, golfing, motoring, or a hard day in the open at anything, there is nothing to supple up the joints and send us on our way rejoicing like a hot bath with two table-spoonfuls of Sanitas Bathol in it. It is like rolling in scented pine-needles and inhaling the pungent odour while we absorb it.

### Puddings.

"What gentleman says pudden? No gentleman says pudden!" *Punch's* joke, now a chestnut of hoary age, does not apply to the real thing. Every British man, woman, and child says pudding at Christmas, unless the Diet fiend is on them, and then how they ache to say it! They might, too, join in the merry chorus if the pudding were made like this:

Three-quarters of a pound of flour, one ounce of Borwick's baking-powder, two ounces of breadcrumbs, one-and-a-half pounds of suet, two pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, ten ounces of sugar, two ounces of almonds, one pound of mixed candied peel, salt and spice to taste; mix well, and add six well-beaten eggs and three-quarters of a pint of milk; divide in two, and boil for eight hours. That is a benign and genial pudding that a dyspeptic may eat of and not regret it.

### Favourite Flowers.

The proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap offer a cheque for £50 to the competitor who names in their order of merit the eight British flowers which are the favourites or the majority of competitors. To enter you must write on a sheet of paper, with your name and address on the top the names of the flowers. Post this with the outside wrapper of a fourpenny tablet of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, addressed "Flowers," 66-68, Park Street, Southwark, S.E., to arrive not later than Dec. 31, 1910. The total number of votes for each flower will be ascertained when the competition has closed, and the competitor whose list agrees with all or with the greatest number reckoned consecutively from Number 1 will be awarded the prize. The result will be published in the *Daily Mail*, Feb. 14, 1911. What a nice valentine for the winner!



THE OPENING OF NEW BUILDINGS AT DUDBRIDGE MILLS, STROUD: A CASKET PRESENTED TO LADY BATHURST, WHO PERFORMED THE CEREMONY. The inscription on the casket is as follows: "This casket, containing the electric plug used for starting the machinery on the occasion of the opening of the new weaving-shed, is lined with cloth made at Dudbridge Mills in 1851, which gained the gold medal against the world's competitors."

Photograph by Conley.

### Furs in the Evening.

Never is there a smarter vogue than one for fur on evening dresses. It is now the most up-to-date touch there is to wear fur on ethereal dinner and ball gowns. On "Woman's Ways" page is a drawing of such an one in flamingo pink Ninon and crêpe-de-Chine, finished with lace dyed the same colour and with sable. The very finest sables are rarely used for this purpose; there are other varieties which give an excellent effect—are to all appearance the real thing, and cost less than half what the finest skins realise.

Lady Bute's naïve method of collecting Marys opens out vistas of profitable possibilities for the advertiser. Lady Duff Gordon, for instance, might call upon all Luciles to apply to her for a good thing, and then present to each and all of them a list of her charming creations in Hanover Square; and a certain house in Maddox Street might similarly invite Marthas to hear something to their advantage, in shape of a prospectus of "Martha Vine."

But if for a moment some of the Marys on the Bute estate who answered Lady Bute's appeal were disappointed that the object was not to send them a Christmas present, they soon entered into the spirit of



GATHERED TO DO HONOUR TO AN OLD WEST-COUNTRY ENTERPRISE: GUESTS AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW SHED AT DUDBRIDGE MILLS.

Dudbridge Mills, at Stroud, Gloucestershire, belong to the well-known firm of cloth-weavers (founded in 1794), Messrs. Apperly Curtis and Co., makers of the famous "Hydea" cloth. Owing to increased trade, their mills have been enlarged, and on Nov. 7 the opening ceremony was performed by Lady Bathurst. The figures in the photograph, reading from left to right, are (front row) Sir Cecil Hertslet, Sir John Dorington, the Countess Bathurst, Sir Alfred Apperly, Earl Bathurst, Lady Apperly, Mrs. C. P. Allen. (Back row) Mr. J. P. Humphris, Mr. Hilary Jones, Mr. Charles Apperly, Mr. C. P. Allen, M.P., Mr. Colchester-Wemyss, Lady Dorington, Mr. Granville Lloyd-Baker, and Mr. W. J. Stanton.

the enterprise. It is an old tradition that Marys congregate. There are the three in the Gospel, and the five of Mary Queen of Scots.

Messrs. Tecla, of 30, Old Bond Street, who make a specialty of artificial pearls and other reconstructed gems, have been awarded a gold medal at the Brussels Exhibition. Their Paris address is 10, Rue de la Paix.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 28.*

## GENERAL ELECTIONS.

THEY are no good to markets, and frequently do actual damage. They check the dispositions to invest and to speculate. They divert into political channels money that would be more profitably employed in financial. They cut across the paths of business, and raise fresh barriers at every few steps to the normal course of trade conditions.

And it is this state of affairs which now confronts the Stock Exchange. Needless to say, members of the House, whatever their politics, are in disgust at the outlook. In the three months either side of Christmas the broker and the jobber expect to make the bulk of their year's income. Now there's this, only to be avoided, apparently, by miracle.

## THE BIRKBECK BANK.

When the last run on the Birkbeck Bank occurred, eighteen years ago, the conspicuous ability of the institution to emerge so successfully from the ordeal was a splendid advertisement, and did the bank an enormous amount of good. It may be hoped that the test of the last few days will prove equally beneficial, and that the scoundrelly perpetrator of the anonymous attack will be discovered. If he is, it may be suggested that the scared depositors will know how to deal with him. So far as the Stock Exchange has been concerned, the incident made little difference to prices. It affected Consols and other gilt-edged stocks, and through these the Home Railway market felt depressed. The Birkbeck Bank's shares are not quoted in the market, and the shares of other banks did not change. Of course, if the public expect to get better banking terms than are afforded by the giant joint-stock banks, they must be prepared to take the chance of the security being a trifle less gilt-edged than is offered by such institutions; but with the Bank of England backing up the Birkbeck, there is nothing to fear in the case of the latter.

## CANADAS V. CANADAS.

BULL.—The shares are even now a solid 4 per cent. investment. The Company will possibly increase the dividend to 9 per cent. next year, and 10 per cent. in 1912.

The amount of money husbanded in respect of the land sales is colossal.

Its distribution, in part and in some shape or other, is inevitable.

The extraordinary development of the Dominion forbids the fear of any substantial set-back in the quotation for the shares.

Its comparative immunity from effective competition must render the Canadian Pacific one of the most powerful corporations in the world.

BEAR.—At 200 and anything over the shares are caviare to a number of small investors, and therefore peculiarly liable to bear attacks.

Four per cent. on the money, even with prospects, is not enough to render Canadas attractive.

Traffics are now going against very large ones this time last year, and will therefore look colourless.

Dear money always tells upon high-priced shares.

The expectations of a five-dollar bonus are fantastic, while a one per cent. increase in the dividend would cause disappointment.

## GREAT WESTERN AND SOUTH-WESTERN DIVIDEND PROSPECTS.

The working agreement between these two lines is now in full swing, and the economies which the arrangement has enabled both lines to effect should make the net results in each case proportionately better than they were in the old days of unlimited competition.

The Great Western already has a published gross increase of £175,000, which, allowing for underestimation, means at least £225,000. In the first half-year an increase of £147,000 gave an improved dividend of  $\frac{1}{3}$  per cent., and increased the carry-forward by £22,000. To raise the dividend one per cent. takes £180,000 for the half-year, and there seems no reason why this should not be accomplished. This would mean 6 per cent. for the year on the Ordinary stock, and a yield to purchasers at present price ( $122\frac{1}{2}$ ) of a full 5 per cent., if allowance is made for accrued dividend.

The South-Western showing is also quite encouraging. The published increase to date is £50,000, which may be called £60,000 if the usual allowance is made for underestimation. To pay an extra one per cent. requires a net £69,000 for the half-year, which may very well be brought out. In that event, the Ordinary will get 9 per cent. for the half-year, which, with the  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. already paid, makes a dividend of  $\frac{6\frac{1}{4}}{100}$  per cent. for the year, and would yield, at present price of 140, a return of  $\frac{4\frac{3}{4}}{100}$  per cent. without allowing for accrued dividend, or making that allowance,  $\frac{4\frac{1}{2}}{100}$  per cent.; while the Deferred at  $45\frac{3}{4}$  (receiving  $\frac{2\frac{1}{4}}{100}$  per cent.) would give the purchaser about £5 15s. on his money.

## YANKEES ON THE ELECTIONS.

Seeing that the little finger of the Republican Roosevelt is thicker than the thigh of the Democratic Dix, the Yankee Market

rejoiced at the defeat of the former even more than at the victory of the latter. There lurks a certain piquancy in the fact of Mr. Roosevelt being more democratic than his democratic victor, and the Stock Exchange is by no means convinced that the Teddy Bear will not even yet prove a great attraction to the market bear when the Presidential Election comes round again in another couple of years' time. That, however, is a long way off, and there is plenty of scope for speculative activity 'twixt then and now. Should Yankees be bought? We think the reply is in the affirmative. No doubt the reaction after the Election came as a great disappointment—most reactions do. It simply showed, however, that people were out to take profits. That they were perfectly right to do so, the subsequent course of the market demonstrated. The Elections over, the question arises as above, and the market being restored to more or less normal conditions, the undercurrent seems to us so firm that the bull tack can be resumed at comparatively little risk.

## RIO TINTOS AND THEIR RISE.

The most remarkable thing that has happened of late to Rio Tintos was the manner in which the price more than recovered the deduction of the 25s. dividend on Nov. 2. Since then the price has remained in the neighbourhood of 70½, and all the efforts of the bears seem impotent to lower it much under that figure. No doubt the mere presence of those bears has much to do with the strength of the quotation, for they are numerically large, and yet not strong enough to force down the price at all materially. On their merits, Tintos certainly look more than high-priced, for the yield is rather under 4 per cent. on the money, while the reduction of a couple of thousand tons or so in the annual output is hardly likely to make any sensible difference to the profits. On the other hand, the copper statistics are favourable to the companies, and the price of the metal is expected to rise. But were it not for the size of the bear account, Rio Tintos would probably stand much nearer 60 than 70.

## RUBBER IN ANTWERP.

Thanks to the vast docks of Antwerp, and to the beneficent activities of the late King Leopold (of sainted memory) in the realm of Congo rubber, the City stands in the front rank of Rubber interests. Its tall warehouses, facing the wharves, are stored with many thousands of pounds' worth of the raw material. To walk through the stacks of crêpe (variously coloured), fine hard Para, rambong, Congo (vile-looking stuff), and other sorts of rubber is educational, as affording one some insight into a tiny part of the trade. There are floors after floors of it, the workmen and workwomen absorbed in their work of packing, unpacking, and sorting, while they hurl short, uncouth orders to each other in Flemish. In Antwerp the merchants take a very philosophical view of the outlook, declaring that the demand for the stuff will revive in a manner which is quite likely to put up the price to seven or eight shillings. And they laugh whole-heartedly at the way in which Mincing Lane and the London Stock Exchange allow all kinds of rumours to sway their views and the quotations of their shares.

## MINING MEMOS.

They made those Bullfinches warble pretty cheerfully, didn't they? Finished with them? Not a bit of it. There are other birds to be hatched from the same nest, and for these to come out happily, the parents must go high. But 'ware those other birds.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Waihis at 5½ were a cheap buy the other day. Surely they cannot be anything but cheap at 6 or under.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Tronoh have been a fairly popular tip, and the Company is paying big dividends. Rather a doubtful holding, to our mind.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Antelopes have had a big jump since they were recommended here. We gave the opinion, it may be recalled, of an engineer sent out by a private syndicate to report for their own purposes upon the best of the coming mines in Rhodesia. He put Antelope first.

\* \* \* \* \*  
From what we hear, Antelopes should still be held—can even be bought for further improvement.

\* \* \* \* \*  
A tip reaches us from good sources to buy Lonely Reefs. They are about 3. Our information is that they must be looked upon as a gamble, but a good one.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Singular how Chartered don't move: 1½ seems to stop them.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The Broken Hill group has lost all its friends, for the time being. If prices drop ten to twenty per cent. lower, the shares will be worth consideration.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Gold Fields of South Africa at 5½, cum 5s. dividend and a bear account, would be recommendable if the market were not so depressingly dull. To see them through, Gold Fields, perhaps, are reasonably valued now, and would show an ultimate profit, because they have so many irons in the fire that a rise in such varied sections



reflects upon the holding Company. It might yet make a lot of money out of West Africa, for instance.

#### BEARER SCRIP.

There has been considerable agitation of late with a view to inducing the big railways of this country to issue share certificates and Debenture scrip to bearer, and that agitation has our complete sympathy. We cannot understand what can be said against the proposal, nor why there should be any difficulty in carrying it out. As things are now, and with the troublesome formalities necessary to transfer the stocks, the market for English Rails is strictly confined to the British Isles, and there is no attraction for the foreigner either to deal in or hold the stocks. He is mulcted in "Stamp and Fee"; if he dies, his will has to be proved in this country and duties paid before the stock can be dealt with or realised by his executors; and he does not understand the necessity for these and other harassing formalities. If the stocks could be turned into bearer scrip, there would be at once a market established in Paris and other Continental centres. The securities would in a short time be listed, and probably, if they remained at their present price, be a favourite form of French investment.

Investors in this country are scared of the Socialistic theories and practices which have of late gained popularity here; but, as a Swiss gentleman said to us a few days ago, Socialism is far more formidable in every Continental state than in this country, so much so that, as we know, many people in France and Germany are sending money over here to provide for any eventuality; and if our railway securities were put into a form acceptable to the small and nervous Continental buyer, we believe they would be largely absorbed, and could not remain at prices which yield almost  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to a purchaser.

There has been talk of late of the Midland Railway leading the way in this reform, as it did in the abolition of second-class carriages and the improvement of third-class accommodation. We hope the rumour is true, and are confident that every one of the other big Companies would have to follow suit in a very short time.

Saturday, Nov. 12, 1910.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor.  
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

BIABAN.—The Company was the Golden Links, and owned sixty-six acres at Kalgoorlie. In 1909 the name was changed to the Oroya Links, and from the

Oroya Brownhill Company ten leases and fifty stamps were acquired, and from the Kalgoorlie Amalgamated, nine leases. The area of ground held is 297 acres. The capital issued consists of 1,150,000 shares of 5s. each, all fully paid. A dividend has lately been declared of threepence a share. The shares are a good gamble.

THE CRANK.—Our candid opinion is that the less you have to do with the Company in question the better for you.

T. E. B.—You are liable to pay income-tax, although you don't reside here. The only way you can avoid it is by putting your money into bonds or securities of which the interest is payable at some place outside the United Kingdom—American Railway bonds, for instance, or Foreign stocks.

EAGER.—(1) We do not profess to give tips for gambling purposes—we have to write too far ahead. (2) Why do you wish to put your money with a weak bank? You had far better deal with the Birkbeck (despite the run) where you will get some interest with safety.

R. C.—The Pernambuco bonds will return you nearly  $5\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. at present price of 94 ex div.

J. P.—The first bank you name is first class, the other not quoted in London. We believe both to be very sound institutions. The liability in each case is heavy. We think there is no special reason why shares in either should have fallen more than in other banks.

K. F. S.—Our opinion of Wahi you will find in this week's Notes.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE.—(1) We cannot give you the promoter's initials. The Company was brought out in 1899. (2) Hold for dividends. (3) Yes, if you do not mind the liability on the shares. (4) We should hold, as we think Rhodesian shares will very likely go better. The shares are not the sort of thing to keep as an investment for the dividends.

E. W. (Hampstead).—(1) If you do not keep too big a balance. (2) The box cannot be detained unless you owe the Bank money. Why not keep your current account with a stronger institution?

CLAVICLE.—See this week's Notes. You have no business to hold any Mining shares if you get frightened every time the shares fluctuate. You will get about 11 or 12 per cent. at the price you gave.

G. S.—Very difficult. We should place them—Notting Hill, Chelsea, and Kensington and Knightsbridge, in order named, for investment. If you will take more risks with the chance of a rise—City of London, Metropolitan, and St. James.

W. P.—Thank you for your letter and the enclosures. We shall take the liberty of using the information supplied.

#### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The following may win at Derby: Rangemoor Stakes, Francolin; Markeaton Plate, Eudorus; Chesterfield Nursery, Bahati; Doveridge Welter, Stubwood; Allestree Plate, Black Sea; Chatsworth Plate, Flinders; Osmaston Nursery, Devil's Dyke; Hardwick Plate, Renown; Friary Nursery, Dilwyn; Chaddesdon Plate, Hallaton; Derby Cup, Declare. At Lewes these may go close: Sussex Handicap, Dartoi; Lewis Nursery, Miss Prude; Southdown Welter, Wavebird; Selling Nursery, Eaton.

**LIFEBUOY**

**There are lives to be saved by the daily use of Lifebuoy Soap. There are homes to be safeguarded and diseases to be prevented by the use of this excellent specific. It Cleans and Disinfects at the same time.**

**More than soap yet costs no more.**

**SOAP SAVES LIFE**

**The name LEVER on Soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.**

# THE FACE OF THE MOTORIST— AFTER AN EXHILARATING RUN.

HOW TO FOLLOW THE SPORT AND NOT SUFFER IN APPEARANCE.

JOHN RUSKIN prophesied that the advent of the locomotive would ruin England. At this day it does not have to be shown that Ruskin was wrong. Just the same it would be interesting to know what he would have thought of the advent of the auto-car were he with us in this day of its omnipresence.

And John Ruskin could be emphatic when he chose.

But the question to be considered on this occasion is the effect of motoring on Milady's complexion, and that, it must be admitted, has been prodigious for evil.

While many a girl gets her health motoring, as others may be getting it golfing or riding, yet getting it in this way she loses something perhaps equally precious, the distinctive delicacy of her beauty, which lies always in the complexion, the English complexion, which Shakespeare described grandly as "of all complexions the culled sovereignty."

There is just this possibility to be considered, that a face bronzed, freckled, and withered by the kiss of the wind and sun may be the loser of kisses of another kind.

To put it briefly: you may be as healthy as a bird in the air, and still have a bad complexion; and a bad complexion is not a nice thing to have.

The sun, the air, the wind, and even the storm are good for the skin, but only if the skin is properly prepared and armed to face them.

The skin that is toned and purified by Valaze<sup>(1)</sup> is already well protected for ordinary purposes, but for times of continued exposure—for the hundred and one occasions that take a charming woman into the open to face the sun, the cold air and the blustering winds—Novena Sunproof and Windproof Crème<sup>(2)</sup> is a preparation of simply marvellous efficacy. It is invisible in use, it soothes the skin, and it makes the most delicate complexion

invulnerable to the sun and weather. The consistent use of Valaze, of Novena Sunproof and Windproof Crème, together with Novena or Valaze Face Powder,<sup>(3)</sup> makes weather-beaten faces impossible.

And then again, when returning from a run, the face should by no means then be washed with soap and water. Wash it, if you must, but wait at least an hour, and then after the face has been cleansed with some Valaze or bathed with Tonique Speciale.<sup>(4)</sup> Either one of these will have sufficiently, and with much benefit and comfort, cleansed the face, and if then washing is still desired, let it be done in warm (not hot) water softened with Valaze Water Softening Pastilles,<sup>(5)</sup> and with the aid of soothing Valaze Soap.<sup>(6)</sup> After washing, a slight application of Tonique Speciale and Powder.

When a woman who motors, hunts, or golfs has used these charming and invaluable specifics she will become even a keener devotee in her sport, because her appearance will not be made to suffer by it.

Madame Helena Rubinstein, tireless, patient, always alert, has reformed the whole field of beauty culture. She has introduced preparations that meet every possible requirement of the modern woman's beauty toilet.

To gain more particular information write to her or call at her Maison de Beauté Valaze, at 24, Grafton Street, Mayfair, London, W. Also, the possession of her book, "Beauty in the Making," may solve for you many a complexion problem. So write to her for it, and it will be forwarded to you post free, provided you mention "The Sketch."

(1) The price of Valaze is 21s., 8s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. a pot. (2) Novena Sunproof and Windproof Crème is sold at 6s. and 3s. a pot. (3) Valaze Complexion Powder and Novena Poudre are 10s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 3s. a box. (4) Valaze Tonique Speciale is 21s., 15s., and 7s. 6d. a bottle. (5) Valaze Water Softening Pastilles are 1s. a tube, or 5s. for six tubes. (6) Valaze Complexion Soap is 4s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. a cake.

A New Idea in Match-Holders.

## The "SATURNE."

JUST what is wanted in the Home, Club, Hotel, Restaurant or Office. Especially valuable in Country Houses. Holds the standard size Bryant and May match-box, but is also made in other sizes. You simply empty the matches into the silver or metal container, flatten the empty match-box, and place it in the slot beneath. Thus you have two striking surfaces available every time you fill the container. No searching for a misplaced match-box—the "Saturne" saves all that. It is always in its place and always ready for use. Moreover, it is very dainty and attractive in appearance. Prices from 2/6 upwards.

Made in Standard Silver, Nickel Plate, and Brass. Can be obtained from all Silversmiths. Patented throughout the world.

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or J. N. KUHN & CO.,  
61 & 63, Shaftesbury Avenue,  
London, W.



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Over SEVEN MILLIONS Sold & in use throughout the world.

No. 1 Razor, 5/6  
No. 2 Extra Blade, 3/-  
No. 26 Diagonal Strop, 3/6  
No. 25 Auto Strop, 6/3

4500 SHAVES WITH ONE STAR BLADE

COPY OF ONE OF OUR MANY TESTIMONIALS:  
Great Missenden, Bucks.  
It may, perhaps, interest you to know that in June, 1891, I purchased one of the KAMPE SAFETY RAZORS, and since then have shaved myself with it up to the present, upwards of 4500 times, and although the blade is rather worn with repeated stropings, it shaves to-day as well as when I bought it.  
Yours truly,  
Write for Illustrated Catalogue.  
THE VALUE IS IN THE BLADE.  
MARKT & CO. (LONDON) Ltd., Dept 8, 6, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

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She sprinkles a few drops of "4711" Eau de Cologne in her Basin and her Bath — it preserves and improves the Complexion

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If he doesn't stock them, send us 6½d. in stamps for a post-free sample to enable you to test our guarantee and see their beauty and fascination.

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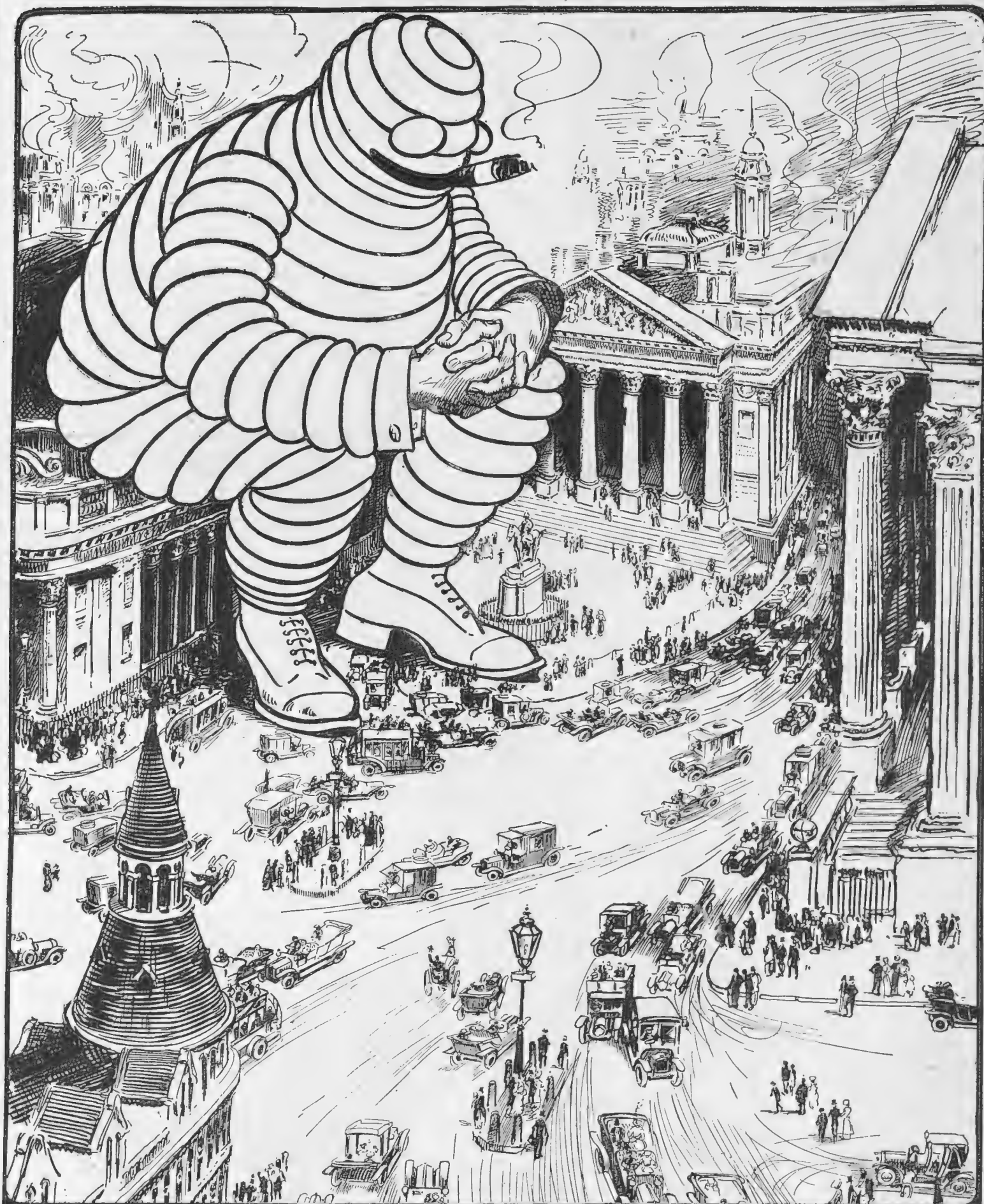
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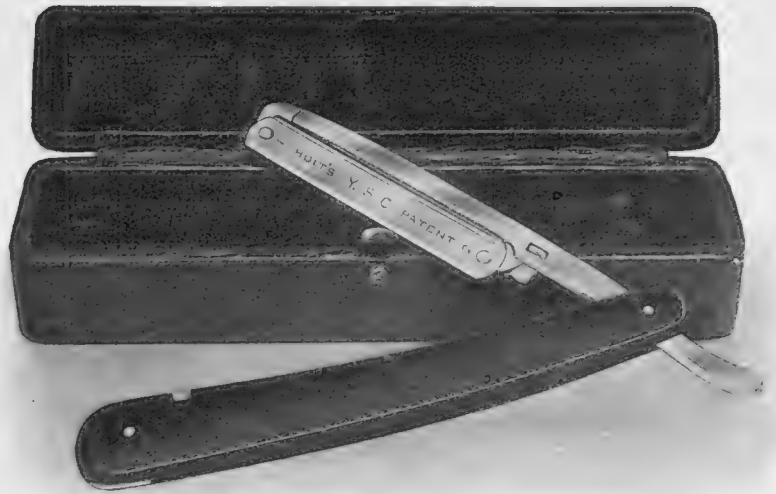
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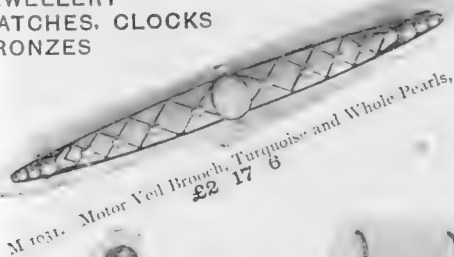
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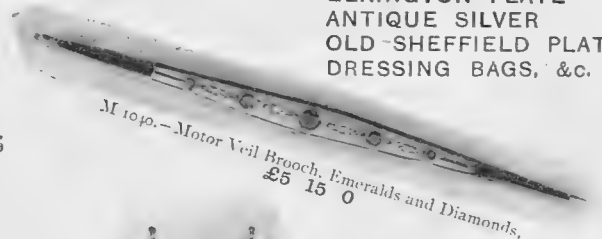
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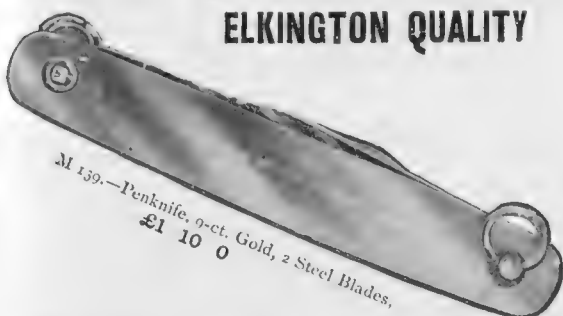
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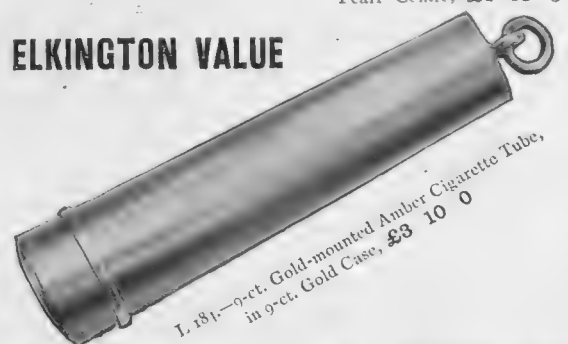
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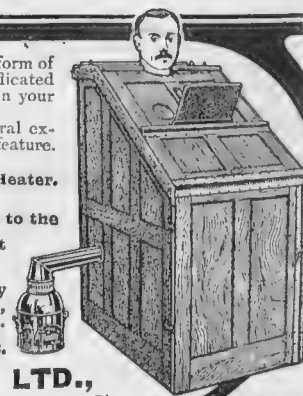
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The following are some points of superiority.

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A Lady Will Give You Her Secret Free.

For years I have searched for a simple and satisfactory way to remove superfluous hair from the skin, so that it would not return. Experiments proved to me that the various pastes, powders, depilatories, electrical appliances, etc. now on the market were often injurious, and not lasting in their effects. At last I discovered a plan which succeeded in producing marvellous, permanent results where all others failed. A fashionable Parisian lady who followed my advice says: "My face is now soft and smooth, and no one would ever think it had been disfigured by a growth of superfluous hair." Others write: "It seems too good to be true." Well, the test will tell. No matter how much or how little superfluous hair is on your face, neck, arms, or body, I am confident that you can now remove it, permanently, and with perfect safety. I will send full information regarding the secret of my discovery absolutely free to every woman who writes at once, but this offer is limited to a short time only, so do not delay if you wish to benefit FREE. Address: KATHRYN B. FIRMIN (Dept. 459D), 85, Great Portland Street, London, W., and you will receive full particulars by return post in a plain sealed envelope.



## PEBECO does far more than ensure whiteness of the teeth

It counteracts the acid secretions of the mouth, in which flourish the bacterial ravagers of the teeth. The antacid or alkaline condition of the oral cavity after using Pebeco can be quickly proved by the test papers which accompany each sample.

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As a breath-purifier Pebeco is invaluable; it has effected perfect cures in cases so chronic that grave internal causes were suspected.

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Free sample and test papers on request.

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COFFEE MAKER,

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Place water and coffee together, light the lamp, and

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Beautifully Finished, Plated or Copper.

Size: 4 Cups, 6 Cups, 8 Cups,

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You can easily have a clear, velvety, healthy complexion if you use

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This world-famous preparation quickly removes freckles, redness, roughness, cutaneous eruptions, and other disorders of the skin. It protects it against the injurious effects of frost, cold winds, and hard water, prevents chaps and chilblains, and adds the charm of youth to the complexion which it will keep in perfect condition all the year round. Sold in 2/3 and 4/6 bottles, by stores, chemists, and Rowland's, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

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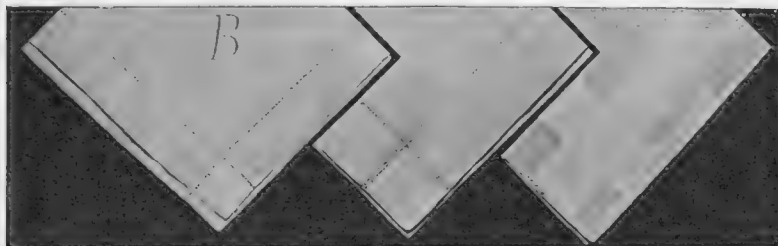
Is the Best Natural Aperient Water. Bottled at the Springs. Used the World Over.

Drink on arising a wineglassful for INDIGESTION and

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IT WILL KEEP YOUR SKIN IN A PERFECT CONDITION ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Bottles 1/-, 2/6 each, of all Chemists and Stores.

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## CAPS THE LOT.



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Frank Reynolds

### SMOKER'S THROAT.

A well-known Harley Street throat specialist said recently: "If you smoke cigars, smoke Indians," vide "Daily Mirror." The most esteemed and most choice Indian Cigar is the famous "FLOR DE DINDIGUL." It does not burn the tongue or affect the throat. Its delicate mildness grows on one. 3d. each (5 for 1/1), FLOR DE DINDIGUL EXTRA, 4d. each, 15/- per box of 50. Everywhere, or, post free, of BEWLEY, 49, Strand, London

# A NEW RUSSIAN OILFIELD

## Maily-Say, Ferghana, Russian Turkestan.

IN the province of Ferghana, Russian Turkestan, about forty-seven miles from Andijan, the present terminus of the Transcaspian Railway, is an estate known as Maily-Say. This estate was granted by the Russian Government to the late Prince Khilkoff (formerly Minister of Russian Highways of Communication) by virtue of the Imperial Decisions of May 8th, 1905, December 30th, 1906, and August 11th, 1907, and Prince Khilkoff took formal possession of the property on October 6th, 1907. In course of time Prince Khilkoff died, and under his will the concession was transferred to Madame Valoueff, which transfer was duly approved by the Russian Ministry of Commerce and Industry on June 10th, 1909. Although it might appear, because the property is situated in Russian Turkestan, that it is difficult of access, this is not so. Trains de luxe start from Moscow and Orenburg, and, passing through Tashkent, run as far as Andijan. There is, therefore, very easy access to the property, which can be reached from London in about thirteen days.

The province of Ferghana is, to all intents and purposes, practically a new oilfield—it is unknown except to those interested directly in oil, and one might, therefore, hesitate to believe that it is an oilfield, or, if it is, that it could be worked at a profit, but such is the case.

As far back as 1891 the geologist Michenkoff, in an official report made by the order of the Governor-General of Turkestan, gave with precision the position of the petroliferous deposits of this region, and also drew up a map of the district.

Three years ago, that is to say, since the end of the Russo-Japanese War, Prince Khilkoff, the eminent Russian Minister who for twelve years directed the Department of Public Works with prodigious activity, and who gave proof of an authority and initiative which have made his name popular in the whole of Europe, as well as in Asia and America, personally interested himself in the boring operations. Two wells were sunk under his direction.

The first well, which was only 6 in. in diameter, encountered naphtha at a shallow depth, and immediately a second well of a more considerable size (14 in.) was undertaken.

In January, 1908, a telegram announced at St. Petersburg that the second bore then in progress, and the more important, had reached the naphtha and quite suddenly had given place to a considerable eruption. Prince Khilkoff went immediately to the spot.

The two wells are very close to each other, situated on the right bank of the Naryn, 15 kilometres from this river, above the point where it joins the Kara-Daria, in a region of little hills, 1450 ft. high, on the lesser chains of the Sousamir Mountains.

The first well encountered flowing naphtha at a depth of 82 sagues (172 metres or 573 feet) and gave 2000 poods (72,000 lbs.) of oil in twenty-four hours.

The second well, that which has the greater diameter, reached the naphtha at a depth of 98 sagues (206 metres or 687 feet). It has been giving, since January, 1908, continuously, a jet of oil equal to 7000 poods (252,000 lbs.) in twenty-four hours.

Ferghana Naphtha is of a different quality to that of Baku, and contains very light benzines and a large quantity of paraffin. The analysis of the Ferghana Naphtha shows the presence of:

- 6 per cent. of light and heavy benzine
- 30 per cent. of petroleum
- 56 per cent. of residues and
- 6 per cent. of paraffin.

## OIL FUEL.

### RUSSIAN STATE RAILWAY RETURNS.

The latest returns issued by the Russian State Railways for the year 1907 give in Table V. the following particulars of OIL FUEL consumed by the two lines traversing Central Asia, viz.:

	POODS.	TONS.
Page 8, No. 15, Sredne-Aziatskaja Doroga (Mid-Asiatic Railway) ..	8,404,540	135,490
Page 12, No. 19, Tashkentskaja Doroga (Tashkend Railway) ..	8,865,804	142,930
Total consumed in 1907 by both Lines ..	17,270,344	278,420

The Russian State Railway returns for 1908 have not yet been published, but it has been ascertained that the two Central Asiatic Lines consumed in 1908 the following quantities of oil fuel—

	POODS.	TONS.
Mid-Asiatic Railway ..	8,356,883	134,727
Tashkend Railway ..	9,870,228	159,125
	18,227,111	293,852

thus showing an increase of over 15,400 tons for that year, and owing to the rapid development of commerce and industry in Russian Asia, and particularly in the Ferghana Province, the consumption should steadily increase from year to year. As an example of the striking and rapid expansion of the two railway lines in question, and the industries in the regions they traverse, it may be stated that the Mid-Asiatic Railway alone handled for their own consumption of fuel oil and supplies transported to mills, factories, etc., the following quantities—

	POODS.	TONS.
1900 .. .. .	5,718,556	92,193
1901 .. .. .	6,685,434	107,780
1902 .. .. .	8,210,471	132,366
1903 .. .. .	17,736,041	285,918

It is thus seen that, as early as 1903, one line alone handled nearly 18,000,000 poods (290,160 tons) for its own fuel consumption, and the requirements of the industrial and manufacturing community for which it mainly operates. From the foregoing figures it is seen that this quantity was exceeded in 1908 by both railway lines for their own fuel consumption alone.

In addition to the two lines above mentioned, the projected line that is to link up the Aral-Khiva Steamboat Service with Turkestan and Siberia will still further increase the demand for oil by the railways, to say nothing of the great incentive to industry and the enormous development of the untold wealth of Turkestan that will result therefrom. The awakening of Turkestan, which began with the completion of the Central Asiatic Railway, has created a demand for oil that it will be difficult to cope with, and the present cry for more oil will become ever more persistent and pressing in Central Asia.

The loans floated in London at the end of September this year, under the sanction and guarantee of the Russian Imperial Government, for the purpose of providing funds for the construction and working of the Troitsk Railway and Kokand Namangan Railway, issued in the shape of 4½ per cent. Bonds, are an earnest of the above-mentioned projects for the building of a network of lines for the further opening up and development of Central Asia.

### THE DEMAND FOR OIL IN FERGHANA.

Ferghana is in the very heart of Central Asia, in a densely populated and fertile region containing several large towns, the principal one being Tashkend with 200,000 inhabitants. Lighting is a brisk and remunerative business: every little hut is illuminated by at least two petroleum lamps, while most houses have a great variety of lamps burning all night. This alone constitutes a ready and steady market close to the wells, but in addition a big caravan trade is carried on with the outlying provinces and countries, all of which are densely populated and will doubtless also become good markets.

In addition to the two Central Asiatic Railways, which could consume more than the total output during the first year or two after laying down a pipe-line, a far more remunerative outlet could be found in the numerous cotton mills, cotton-seed oil factories, rice mills, and other factories in the region traversed by the railway, all of which have attained the highest development and prosperity. The total production of cotton alone in the Ferghana Province for 1907 was 4,000,000 poods (64,480 tons) out of a total of 5,150,000 poods (83,020 tons) for the whole of Russian Turkestan.



## THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

### One Hundred Miles per Hour.

What was regarded even by experts as the impossible in speed has been achieved. I refer to the wonderful performance by the 20-h.p. Vauxhall at Brooklands on Oct. 26 last, when that car attained a speed for a flying half-mile of no less than 100·08 miles per hour. In connection with this extraordinary rate of progression, it should be borne in mind that the engine responsible for the feat measures but 90 mm. (equals  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. in bore by  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. in stroke). Some idea of the comparatively small dimensions of this engine can be gleaned by the reflection that the total area swept by one of the pistons in its downward travel is but little more than the contents of an ordinary 1-lb. jam-pot. The speed-record for the 21-h.p. class at Brooklands now exceeds the best for the 40-h.p. class by over five miles per hour. The above-named achievement is an instance of what can be effected in these days by careful tuning up, for this 20-h.p. Vauxhall did not jump to this excellence at one fell swoop. On Oct. 7 last, a speed of 97·15 miles per hour was attained; on Oct. 22, 98·10 miles per hour; and, four days later, the record chronicled above.

### To Obviate the Handle.

Self-starters were not in any great evidence at the Show. Indeed, that particularly adaptable and ingenious device the Harper Self-starter, fitted to the S.C.A.T. cars, was the only one I came across. This is the more remarkable as magneto ignition has practically wiped out the accumulator-fed high-tension system; and self-starting is, of course, impossible with a magneto, and not always sure even with what is termed dual ignition. The success of the Harper device may provoke further effort on the part of other inventors during the coming year, but price alone is likely to forbid the inclusion of such a convenience with low-powered cars. The French were at one time quite prolific with these devices, employing both compressed air and springs, but nothing of the kind holds the French market to-day. To prove really successful, a self-starter, while being infallible and compact, should not add more than ten pounds to the weight or cost of a chassis.

### The Popularity of the Show.

The Show is over, and urged by all-round results, I feel certain that both the manufacturers and the public will cry, "Long live the Show!" With the undoubted success of the 1910 Exhibition before them, and the obvious error into which the French admit they fell by taking a miss of their function last year, we are not likely to hear suggestions even from the makers that the British Exhibition should be dropped next year. The attendance totals are not to hand as I

write, but from a long acquaintance with undertakings of the kind, I am bold to state that the figures for 1910 must have considerably exceeded those of last year. Moreover, the public as a body, even the feminine portion of it, take a much more intelligent interest in the mechanical aspect of a motor, and obviously know more about it, than has been the case in the past. This is not only the opinion of visitors, but of those whose duties keep them on the stands from the opening to the close of the Exhibition. Absurd questions are no longer asked; the average public know the functions of the various units of a chassis, and how best they should be performed. We are rapidly becoming a motoring nation, and France can no longer give us a start.

### A Return to Chassis.

This point is emphasised by the reappearance of chassis exhibits by certain prominent firms, who last year, by the exhibition of complete cars only, appeared to believe that the large body of buyers felt no interest in the mechanical combinations upon which they depend for propulsion. They have admitted the error of their ways by returning to the exhibit of chassis, and presenting them in the highest possible degree of finish. The crowds which gathered day after day and all day round the splendid productions of Rolls Royce, Napier and Co., the Wolseley Tool and Motor Car Company, the Sheffield-Simplex Company, Argyll Motors, Ltd., the Daimler Motor Company—to mention but a few of those who staged polished chassis—were strong proofs of my contention, while anything that worked drew shoals of interested and intelligent spectators. Exhibitors have admitted to me that stand attendants, unless well up in all the modern points of automobile engineering, and able to make out a really good case for the machines they represent, are useless at exhibitions to-day.

### Well Done, Argyll!

Dirè indeed were the prophecies uttered upon the last reconstruction of the Argyll Company; but those who indulged in pessimism were surely unaware of the calibre of the men who now direct the fortunes of that much-handicapped concern. Having regard to all the difficulties surrounding the management from the outset—and these difficulties could only be grasped by those within the pale—it speaks volumes for the dour Scotch persistency that this company have completed their financial year with a profit of £3071. A trifling sum, my masters, but still a profit, and made under most onerous conditions. Now that the types for production are standardised and appeal to all sections of the automobile public, I feel sure that the Argyll salesmen left Olympia last Saturday with bulging order-books, and that a full reward awaits, in the third year of the company's existence, the dogged persistence of the last twenty-four months.



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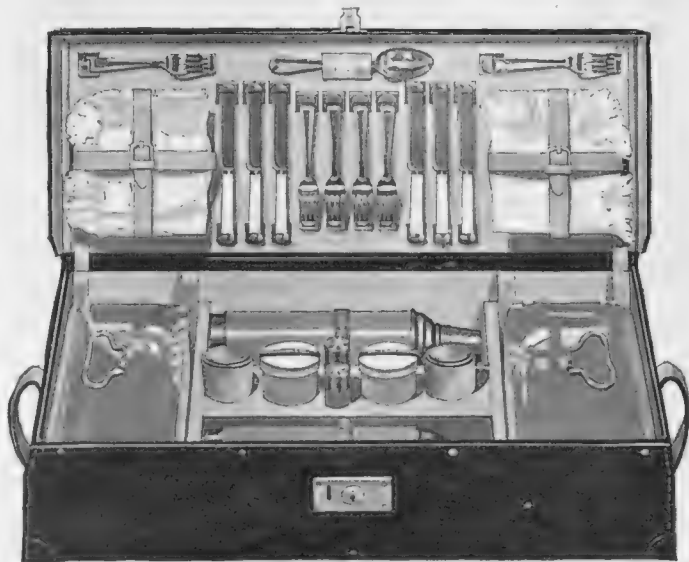
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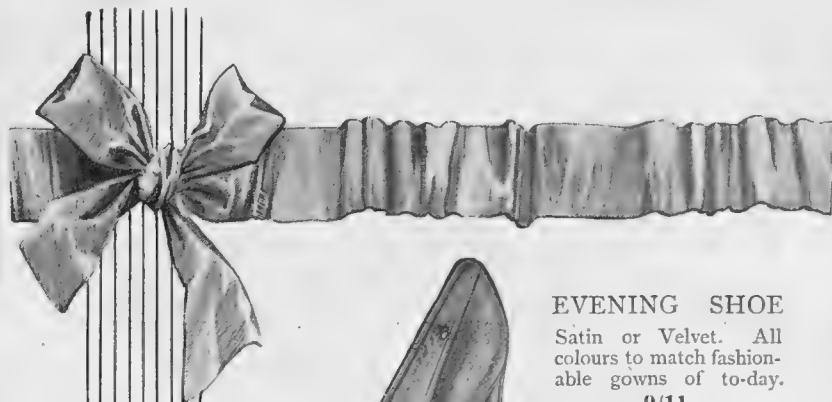
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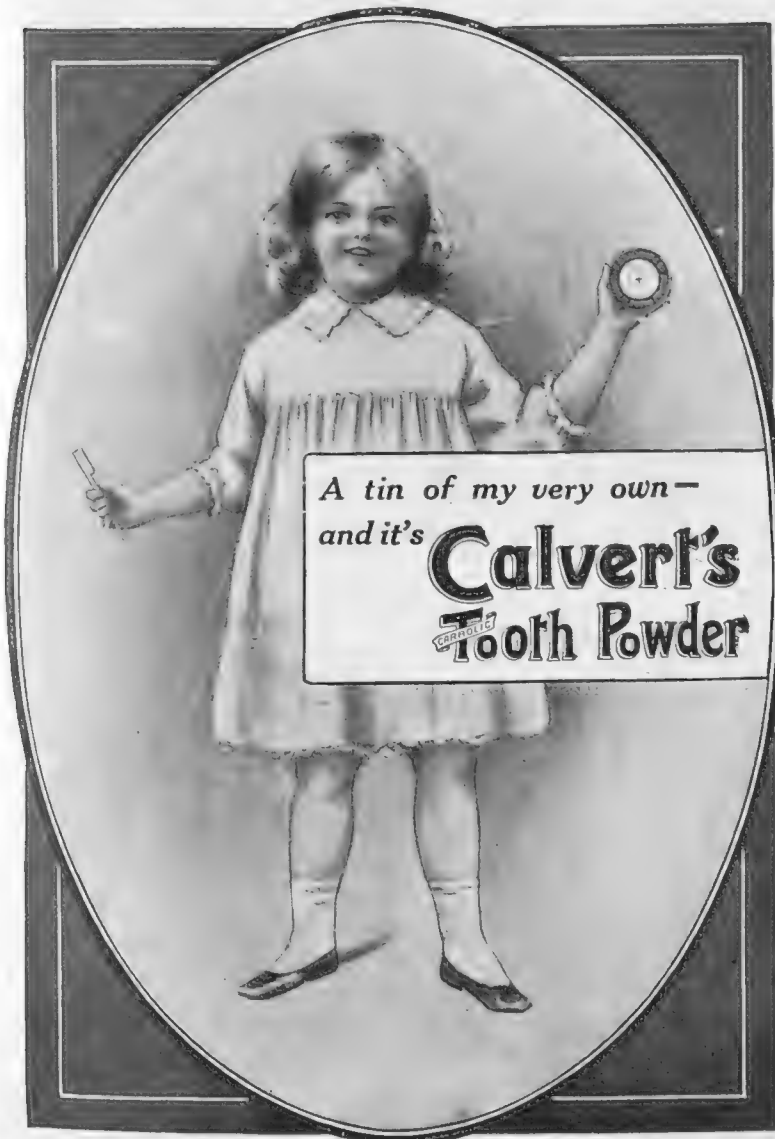
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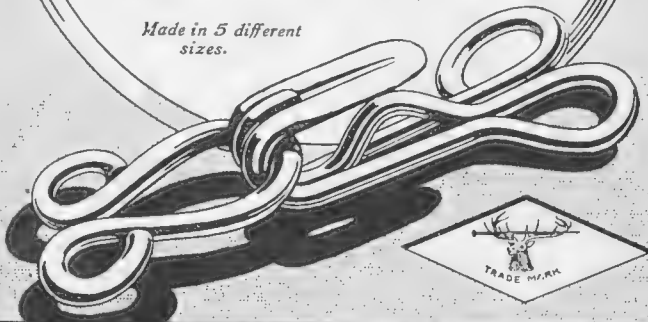
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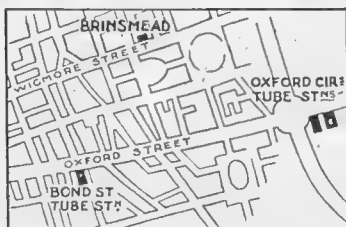
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LORRAINE  
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Chassis, with tyres, tools, and spare parts.

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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Confessions of a Successful Wife."

By G. DORSET.  
(Heinemann.)

In one of his philosophical works Balzac treats of the successful husband, and no reader can have missed the reflection that the *métier* is an arduous one, but it becomes child's-play beside the patience, heroism, and martyrdom demanded of this successful wife. Esther Carey was left at the age of fifteen to provide for a family of six. New York must be a favourable spot for such problems, because, as Esther puts it in her characteristic, terse way—"I sat upstairs in my bedroom looking at 'ads.' in the paper. 'Wanted.—A girl to learn typewriting—Wall Street. Salary paid to beginner.' The next day I went to New York and applied. They engaged me at five dollars a week." Would London be so free with its offer of a pound a week to a girl who would take lessons in typewriting? Very soon she is established in an office of her own with assistant juniors, and it was here that her future husband made his early appearance in her life. He brought a paper to be typed. It was on "The Psychics of Art," and when he called for the copy, he was drunk. "Mr. Kirkland wasn't the first man I had come across under the influence of liquor," remarks Esther; "but the others had only disgusted me, whereas I felt sorry for this one." He was able to talk: he gave a résumé of "The Psychics of Art." When he had finished, he drank two glasses of ice-water, and, turning to her with the expressed desire of taking a walk, "'Maiden,' he asked, just like out of a book, 'will you be my staff?' I put on my hat, and, without thinking twice, went out with Mr. Kirkland." They went to Bowling Green Park, and sat down on a bench. He had a beautiful smile.

Were these the ways of life to thee  
That led thee from the fragrant dell . . . ?

"He asked me this question so many times that I learned the two lines by heart." He finally fell asleep, and she laid him on the bench, and covered his face and watched over him till he woke. After this episode her method may be dimly guessed. It was, in fact, to meet all his proposals, whether of marriage or of subsequent liaisons with other women, all his excursions into art, literature, finance or politics, his dreams, his vanity and his egoism, with the old formula: "I put on my hat, and, without thinking twice, went out with Mr. Kirkland." Certainly Mr. Kirkland had "a way," and Mrs. Kirkland infinite humour. She adorns the tale of her matrimonial experience with so many proofs of it that one cannot grudge her the lapse which permits her to take pleasure in her final wooing and her ultimate success.

"The House of Serravalle."

By RICHARD BAGOT.  
(Methuen.)

Throughout Mr. Bagot's story there blows a chilly wind of preoccupation. It is felt from the beginning, and can be defined quite early as a profound suspicion of Catholicism. Every one of intellect or importance in the book is a Catholic by birth and breeding, but something quite other by thought and conviction. "We are in Italy," says the Duca di Monteleone, Prince of Vietri, Grandee of Spain, "and in Italy it is always more advisable to have the parish priest for a friend than for an enemy." "If the English Signore only knew," exclaimed Piero, faithful servant of the Duke, "he would not wonder that all honest people hate the priests. Among us, when we want to find a rogue, we look for him in church." "Oh, I know you have got unorthodox ideas, like most of us," remarks one Catholic gentleman to another, and high-born, convent-reared ladies do not trouble themselves as to how much or how little they believe—"to tell you the truth very few of our compatriots do—only they would be furious if you told them so!" The House of Serravalle has apparently reached its last representative in the person of the Duke, to whom Walter Heron, a poor graduate, is recommended as secretary. The young Englishman finds intrigue and treachery in the beautiful Tuscan castle, which gave such sharp contrasts of mediæval structure and modern luxury. The blackest shadows gather in the folds of a soutane belonging to a young priest with a mysterious power over the nobleman who is his patron. The story suffers from a want of intensity of purpose, and from a settled prejudice, which Mr. Bagot scarcely can be said to justify within the limits of his book.

"Bawbee Jock."

By AMY McLAREN.  
(John Murray.)

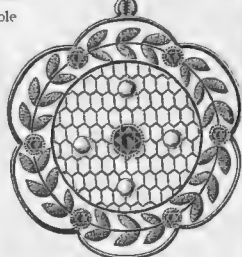
Bawbee Jock belongs to that large family in fiction who wear an appearance of avarice and meanness because they are really the devotees of a quixotic generosity. The lady who, on an early page, proposes to Bawbee Jock, divining his rare qualities, is related to a group, quite as numerous, who choose to masquerade as beggar-maids when they are actually Queen Cophetuas. Angela married her Jock very prettily in the open air, between heather and sky, and insists on partaking of his ostentatiously humble but recherché fare during the first year of their wedded life. During that time her husband shoulders his accustomed burdens of an impoverished estate and a prodigal brother as best he may. The birth of a son turns his mind in other directions. He learns from a letter that his wife is a great heiress, and Angela, weak from the fever brought on by fright at her duplicity, wakes to the consciousness of his assurance that there was nothing to forgive.

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1. The broad elastic band is tailored to fit the leg quite evenly all round; no drag, no sag.
2. A satin pad just over the supporting clasp removes all pressure and strain.
3. No Metal can Touch you.
4. The 'Paris' cannot wear or tear the socks.
5. In White, Black, Green, Navy, Sky, Grey, Brown, or Lavender.
6. See 'Paris' inside the pad.

Sold everywhere.  
Price 1/- per pair.

WHOLESALE:  
A. MERCHANT & Co.,  
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## EVERY MAN

who wishes to retire on a Pension

SHOULD READ

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## Treat your Pipe as you would have your Pipe treat you

You're not one of those who expect grapes to grow on thorn bushes or figs on the chestnut tree. No, you happen to have a smattering of science about you, and you don't much believe in miracles. Very good. How comes it then that you treat your pipe as though you **did** believe in miracles, as though you **could** get the thorn to bear a pleasing crop of the juicy ones? Perhaps you don't get me? What I mean to say is just this—when you fill your pipe with a poor tobacco and expect an enjoyable smoke, you are like a man looking for grapes on thorn bushes.

Perhaps you never thought that the golden rule applies to your pipe, but it does. If you want your pipe to treat you nicely you'll have to treat it nicely. You'll have to fill it with the good stuff before you can reasonably expect to have a good time with it. As a man fillets his pipe so is his smoke. Don't blame your briar when things go wrong—just buy a new blend. For preference, the "B.D.V. Mixture." Why? Well, because in the first place it suits your pipe. It burns cool and sweet. Then the "B.D.V. Mixture" is Manufactured from only the finest matured leaf, and is enjoyably mild and fragrant and entirely free from annoying features. Moreover, the "B.D.V. Mixture" is obtainable in Cartridge form, so that you need experience no trouble in filling your pipe.

Know this, that your pipe will never be the instrument of peace and solace and satisfaction it should be until you get into it the "B.D.V. Mixture" (Blue Label).

Of all Tobacconists.

5d. per oz., 1/8 per 1/4=lb. tin.

In Cartridges—

5 1/2d. per oz., 1/10 per 1/4=lb. tin.

Manufactured by  
GODFREY PHILLIPS, Ltd., London.



## THE NAPOLEONIC WEDDING.

## The Royal Wedding.

Everything comes—occasionally—to those that wait. All that heart could desire has come by waiting to Prince Victor Napoleon and Princess Clementine of Belgium, and even the most *blasé* of us feel that the fairy-stories are not all monopolised by the children's books. For the menace of the dead hand is disregarded; the will of the wicked, vindictive father set at naught; and the youngest and fairest of the daughters of the dead and unlamented King of the Belgians has wedded a right handsome, gallant, and learned Prince, who, if France say him not nay, might possibly yet become an Emperor. The latter, however, is a point which we will not for the moment discuss with M. Briand. The head of the Bonaparte family is two years on the wrong side of five-and-forty, and his bride is but ten years younger.

## Strange Adventures—

It was a dynastic chance, so to speak, which brought the royal couple together. The Prince, elder son of "Plon-Plon," had, like his brother, Prince Louis, been educated after the manner proper to one who might at some day realise his hope of ruling an Empire, served his time in the French Army, and by unaffected geniality, modesty, and inherent charm much endeared himself to his military associates. But they gave him no rank. He was plain Gunner Bonaparte. Republicans with memories feared to create a second *petit Caporal*. So it was as a mere gunner that he quitted the army. But it was as a Prince that he left the country. In the middle 'eighties, the law which exiled the houses of Orleans and Bonaparte necessitated the withdrawal of himself and his brother Louis. The latter went to Russia, where he is now an officer in the Muscovite Army. The fighting member of the family, Prince Victor Napoleon, retired to Brussels, where he gave himself over to science, and occasional conferences with his sympathisers, to say nothing of the composition of many manifestoes for the keeping green in France of Napoleonic memories.

—End in Lovers' Meeting. And thus it was that he and the Princess met. It was not, so far as the world knows, a matter of love at first sight. Indeed, it was not until six years ago that the Prince proposed for the hand of the bad King's lovely daughter. Leopold, who never did a gracious thing, had here a first-class opportunity for the display of that iron despotism which was one of his leading characteristics. Not only did he refuse his countenance, he clapped his pretty daughter into durance vile, lest she, with something of his own fierce intolerance

of restraint, should run away and marry her handsome lover. The Prince could not afford to fly in the face of fate. He called together the chief supporters of his claim to the imperial throne of France, announced that the proposed wedding would not take place, and we heard no more, except that the Princess intended to take the veil. She thought better of it, but for a time her life was a mild form of purgatory with her brutal and unnatural father. By long and bitter unhappiness she has established her title to happier days to come.

## Camberwell's Napoleon.

One singular feature of the royal wedding has not escaped attention. The bridegroom has already a morganatic wife, and three daughters. There is no secret about it. His aunt (the Empress Eugénie) and the Princess Clementine know it; all the world knows it. The morganatic wife is a lady of Italian extraction, and is said willingly to have consented to efface herself for the weal of her husband. The Prince, as everyone knows, is the grandson of King Jerome, youngest brother of Napoleon I. He, when in America, married beautiful Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore. Before he proposed, she declared that she would rather be his wife for an hour than the wife of any other man for life. She had her wish, and little more. Napoleon refused to let his new sister-in-law land in France, in Portugal, or in Holland. She turned to England, and here in London, in Mr. Chamberlain's natal parish, Camberwell, she gave birth to a son. Napoleon caused the marriage to be declared null and void, but—the Pope declared the marriage valid! The descendants of that marriage are public men in America to-day. Had not Jerome obediently married a Princess of Wurtemberg, one of these American Bonapartes would to-day have been heir of the house.

Ways and Means. The royal couple who now set up housekeeping are not rich, as royalties go. When the Prince embarked upon a career of his own in Brussels the Empress Eugénie was his fairy godmother, as she has remained, even to the present. She gave him an allowance of 60,000 francs per annum, exactly the sum which Napoleon I. had offered pretty Betsy Patterson as an annuity if she would only recross the Atlantic. The Princess Clementine has but small property—her infamous father saw to that. She and her two unhappy sisters had to contest in the law courts the question as to the sum to which they were entitled from the estate of their mother. He had calmly appropriated their mother's dowry, and they could get nothing of it. At his death he left them not a farthing that he could alienate. But the good Empress Eugénie will not forget the royal couple, whose union she has been largely instrumental in effecting.

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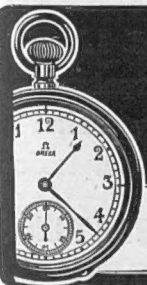
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## FAMOUS RUGGER TEAMS.—II. RICHMOND.

(See Illustrations.)

After beginning the season indifferently, the Richmond Rugby Football fifteen have lately come on to their game, and there is every indication that Surrey's senior club will play an important part in Metropolitan "Rugger" during the campaign of 1910-11. They were not at their best when opposing Cambridge University, but just previously they had accomplished one or two splendid performances, including a victory over the London Scottish. Of a good pack. Geoffrey Wilson, the captain, and D. F. Smith, the international, are perhaps the most notable members. R. O. Lagden is another very fine player, but up to the present he has been able to make very few appearances for Richmond. He is in the Oxford fifteen, and the claims of his Alma Mater are naturally pre-eminent. At half-back, Richmond have a very useful recruit in the person of R. M. Goodman, formerly of Bristol, who works the scrum; and their three-quarters constitute an excellent line. Michael Ireland, on the wing, is perhaps the pick of the quartet. He has been tried for his native country (which is named after him!) and should yet gain international honours. C. C. Watson, an ex-captain of Rugby, is seen to advantage on the other wing; and the centres, A. S. Duggan and N. H. Coates, are both sound players. R. Bourne, Oxford's reserve full back, has considerably enhanced his reputation in the Richmond team this season. Richmond at their best are undoubtedly a side of great possibilities.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The Lord Mayor to whose lot will fall the manifold functions of Coronation year has even less love than the average Alderman for the robes and laces and chains of office. But, apart from a certain humorous expression of forbearance, Sir Thomas Vezey Strong makes no sign when the trailing of his train reminds him that he must abandon his characteristically brisk step, or when he loses a pocket-handkerchief in the voluminous folds of his stately cloak. When shown a coloured cartoon of himself in full robes Sir Thomas said, "I thought I was a Lord Mayor, but I find I am only a nightmare."

They say that Mr. Kipling moved from his Rottingdean house to avoid the too-handy hero-worshipper, and that Mr. Chesterton left London for the same reason. Sometimes a great man's revenge upon those who pursue him with flatteries and autograph-albums is more definite. An author of much repute lately entered a railway-carriage where two ladies were reading papers. They whispered together, nodded, told him they recognised him from his portraits, and rattled their praises. Then a tunnel put the carriage into blackness, and the author seized his dark opportunity. Leaning forward between the two ladies, he imprinted a smacking kiss on—the air. The train emerged into sunshine again, but the ladies regarded each other icily. The great man alighted at the next station, and bowing to his fair companions said—"My only regret is that I shall never know to which of you I am beholden for that salute!" There is still war between the fairs; each is certain that *she* did not so far forget herself. And yet we still believe in circumstantial evidence!

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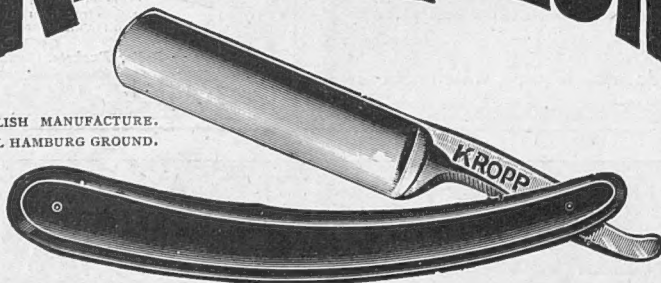
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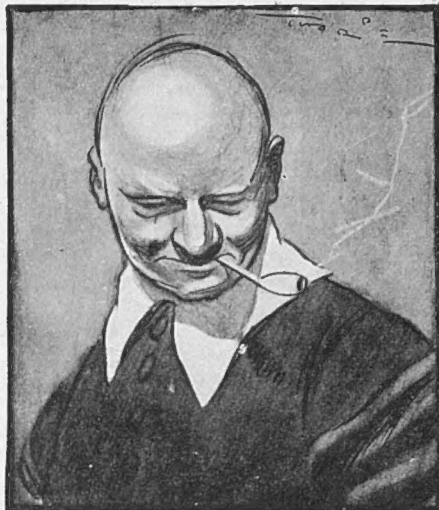
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